WHY CORINNE GRIFFITH IS QUITTING THE SCREE

Movie Weekly

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The Amazing Facts about Barbara La Marr's Contract

How I Handle Temperamental Stars ... by Sidney Olcott

Dolores Rousse
Photo by EDWIN BOWER HESSER

No. 7 **MOVIE WEEKLY** Vol. IV
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Coming Contents

Another Knockout

In next week's issue of Movie Weekly, the readers of the world's livest fan publication will be given another treat. This will consist of Double Number No. 2, which will do all and more for its readers that Double Number No. 1 did on February 23rd, in presenting to them the world of moviedom and all who dwell therein.

Every phase and aspect of the movies will be touched upon in next week's issue, so that he (or she) who reads it will carry away a more complete knowledge of pictures and those who make them than could be gained from any other reading source in the world today.

We don't want to spoil things by mentioning the special features in advance, but let it suffice to say that our readers will find Double Number No. 2 for March 29th, more satisfactory and pleasing than Double Number No. 1.

On the newsstands Thursday, March 27th.

WATCH FOR IT!

March 22nd, 1924

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WHY I AM QUITTING THE FILMS TO REAR A FAMILY

BY Corinne GRIFFITH

Beautiful and talented *screen star* who has just married tells how biggest thing in life to her is privilege of *motherhood*

By Herbert Gleason

WE ONCE asked Betty Compson what she would do if she had her life to live over again, for it seemed, indeed, that this charming and famous young person had nearly everything that heart could desire. But not so Betty. She answered without a moment's hesitation nor an eyelash flicker that she would begin everything by having a baby. That maternity, in short, was woman's highest, holiest privilege.

Now, instead of beginning everything, as Betty has regretted that she did not do, it seems that Corinne Griffith contemplates ending everything by the way of Motherhood. In other words, she is going to give up her highly successful screen career and become just an old-fashioned wife and mother. She commenced it all recently by marrying Walter Morosco, the son of the well-known theatrical producer.

The other day in New York, we were talking about her with Betty Blythe.

"Yes," Miss Blythe said, in reply to a question we asked in this regard, "I've read that Corinne has married and intends giving up the screen for home life, and it's not hard for me to understand, either. A few years ago, I met Corinne just after she had returned from her home town, somewhere down in Texas.

"She said to me then: 'Oh, Betty—when I went home and saw all my old girl friends married, with homes and children, it just made me miserable. Marriage and motherhood are the greatest things in life, after all!"

"Marriage and motherhood are the greatest things in life!" says *Corinne Griffith*, noted screen star.

So keen had our interest risen on this that nothing short of Miss Griffith's own word on the subject could possibly have quenched our curiosity. We sought her out in her suite in the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco, just after her return from Honolulu, where she had been honeymooning with her husband, Walter Morosco.

"Miss Griffith," we asked, "what about this leaving the screen rumor? Is it true?"

The girl, who more people, or at least more men, are agreed probably is the most beautiful and desirable lady on the screen, nodded eagerly with a bright smile.

"It's a big step to take, isn't it?" she asked.

We bowed assent.

"It sure is," we agreed. "Whatever on earth decided you in the matter? We couldn't help feeling that to turn one's back deliberately on the screen and on such signal success was a little something of a pity. Especially as it was the goal toward which so many feminine hearts hopefully strive.

"I SIMPLY felt," returned Miss Griffith, "that I could not be happy without children of my own, and it's impracticable to think of combining the two."

"Still it's done," we murmured, hoping that, after all, this lovely lady of the silent drama might not prove as adamant in her intentions as she seemed.

Corinne shook her head.

"That isn't the idea," she smiled. "It isn't that I couldn't do it, but I simply couldn't be happy doing it. The fact of the matter is — I've wanted for a long while to be completely happy—happy as I know I only can be happy in a home of my own with a husband who loves me. In short, I want to be free to make my married life as much of a career as my screen life has been. I can't do this if I stay in pictures. The studio work would destroy just so much of my home life, and I don't want this to happen. I want to be free to make my own life's happiness out of my home. And I want children."

WE NODDED, looking away through a curtained window at a California sky that was a miracle of flawless azure.

"It's fine to hear you say that," we replied at length. "Sometimes we think children are a rather poor investment. That they grow up and go their own selfish ways regardless of those who bled white materially that they might be spared the hard knocks. Sometimes, we think they're—just a poor investment."

But she came back with spirit.

"I don't think we should expect anything from them," she retorted, "any more than I think we should expect anything from anyone else in the world. Take what comes and be thankful for it. Just get your fun out of loving something or someone and not expecting anything in return."

"It's a sound philosophy," we answered, "but it takes courage. Have you done anything in the way of a home?" we inquired, feeling, as we spoke, for all the world like a real estate agent.

"Oh, yes," Corinne nodded. "Mr. Morosco and I have bought a lovely house in Los Angeles and I've been shopping all day, buying things for it. It's such fun to think you have a home and that everything you buy goes into it to become an inseparable part of it. It's the first time I ever felt this way in my life, but I want to tell you it's what makes life wonderful for every young girl who falls in love and marries."

"Well," we said, rising, "we're sorry the screen's losing you, but you know best. Good luck to you and all you desire."

"Thanks," she said warmly. "I think I'm going to get it."

And, so far as that goes, we do, too.

Think it over, girls. Is Corinne right or is she wrong?

Would you forfeit liberty to be a . . . ?

Disclosures in recent *Barbara La Marr* lawsuit reveal that famous screen beauty was compelled to sign a contract which contained several restrictive clauses—Would you be willing to do likewise? :: *By John England*

WHAT is the price which must be paid for fame upon the screen? — is a question forever at the back of the movie world's brain. Are there sacrifices which must be made in the hard struggle for eminence in the chaotic and overcrowded motion picture profession? The answer is obvious to anyone who considers for an instant. Fame cannot be achieved without sacrifices of some sort. Nothing is. But what *are* those sacrifices?

The prurient-minded leap easily to a conclusion, the obvious and the ill-considered one. They are wrong.

Rather today the question of sacrifice involves that of personal liberty or the right to do whatever the individual sweetly chooses. So drastic indeed has the prohibition become that many movie stars have incorporated in their screen contracts a clause that calls for a certain order of moral conduct which is as arbitrary as it is straitlaced. This was exactly the case in the recent sensational trial of Herman L. Roth, Hollywood attorney, on a charge of extortion, in which Barbara La Marr, the well-known screen star, figured prominently. The case in all its curious detail, lends to an understanding of the "clause."

Miss La Marr's agreement with her manager, Arthur H. Sawyer, the investigation coincident with the conduct of the case brought out, contained an underscored paragraph which stated in no uncertain terms that the contract should be binding just so long as "the party of the first part" keep herself "free from scandal." Upon that clause much of Roth's defense depended.

The inadequacy of that line of defense may be judged from the recollection that a Los Angeles jury took exactly eight minutes to return a verdict of guilty—and sentence quickly followed. Roth had attempted, by criminal means, to profit by besmirching a woman's name, and he had failed.

Thus was it conclusively proven that a fair reputation in Hollywood may commercially be credited to the profit side. Scandal is out of fashion!

Time was, when the movies were still swollen with the sudden wealth of their popularity, that fly-by-night producers believed there was capital in scandal, profit in public knowledge of an actress' or an actor's illicit amours. With the stabilization which has followed the continued and increased prosperity of the silent drama, and with the arrival of Mr. Will Hays in the seats of the mighty, that state of mind has dwindled into disgrace.

Photo by Russell Ball

Barbara La Marr, **beautiful and famous screen star, whose contract with *Arthur H. Sawyer*, a movie producer, contained a "morality clause."**

TODAY, and, it is safe to surmise, tomorrow and all tomorrows after that, the player who wins and holds that honored esteem of the great public upon which screen success depends, will be one who can placard to the world all the intimacies of his domestic and amorous adventures and have the world find them clean and stimulating.

Barbara La Marr's contract is vivid proof of that new attitude. Nor is her agreement the only one of its kind. I have it on the most reliable authority that there are few contracts signed between player and producers nowadays which do not contain such a clause, or, in many cases—namely those of movie folks whose past record has been such as to create the belief that they might again stray from the stony paths of virtue—the clause has been even more far-reaching.

WOULD YOU sign such an agreement?

Think for a moment what it means! In the last analysis, it means that an outside agency, in other words, the motion picture firm which happened to employ you, would be in a position of autocratic power over the most intimate details of your personal life. The producer would be, by the legal terms of his agreement, a plenipotentiary over your marital affairs surpassing either church or state.

Suppose, by one of those unfortunate accidents which do occur in the lives of the best of us, you found yourself married to a man or woman with whom you were impossibly uncongenial? That life with the mate you had chosen for life, unjudging, and perhaps without deep knowledge, was a continuous misery? That he or she had fallen in love with another, perhaps, even given his love away, been unfaithful?

The state and the law, wise with the sad experience of centuries of ever-recurrent human tragedies and misunderstandings, will give you your liberty back again. This enlightened century believes, and has inscribed that belief upon its statute books, that the right to love is inalienable, constitutional: that when love dies between husband and wife, then it is the privilege of both parties to separate and seek love elsewhere. It is a viewpoint which the world has accepted.

But—such is the way of that same world—the details of that domestic misery for which the law grants divorce, constitute SCANDAL!

It is a word and fact which flames its way like a crimson comet across the pages of the public press, flits evilly from tongue to tongue around the world, and, no matter what the motives or the emotions of one with whom it is concerned, blackens that person's name to fame in the cruel court of Public Opinion!

So Movieland forbids! Divorce is scandal. Scandal is disgrace. Disgrace cuts down the box office receipts of a motion picture. Therefore divorce is *verboten!*

If the "morality" clause in picture contracts is

Your personal movie star?

vigorously enforced, and there is every indication that it will be, it will mean that divorces will dwindle in Hollywood. It sounds a little as if one were predicting a shortage of the Newcastle coal supply, but such may certainly be the case.

This is the situation with which the screen stars are confronted when they take up the pen to attach their signature to a movie contract. To be permitted to appear upon the screen, it is necessary for the stars to sign away their powers as free agents, to do precisely what they wish and to accept a prescribed course of conduct from the man who pays them their salary.

AND there is a reason for all this. The producer who invests a fortune in a picture has found that he cannot run the hazard of a loss on his investment through the erratic behavior of some prominent player. The star's entanglement in anything of a scandalous nature has induced the public, it has been found, to remain away from the picture. And when this happens, the producer takes a severe loss. It is for this reason that the so-called "morality clause" has been inserted in the contracts between producers and stars in order to insure propriety of conduct on the part of the stars.

But would *you* care to do this? Would you care to forego your personal liberty—your right to go where you liked or with whom you liked, because your movie contract said you must not. In other words, would you care to have a corporation pick your personal and private company for you?

Such a clause, as I have said, was contained in the working contract entered into between Barbara La Marr, fascinating siren of the screen, and beloved of motion picture fans everywhere, and her manager, Arthur H. Sawyer, motion picture producer and pioneer in the development of the industry.

That contract has been dragged before the world in the trial of Roth, the convicted extortionist, and inspected by those interested, particularly the workers of Hollywood, those whom contracts like it would most directly affect.

Roth has, as I have said, been convicted, and it can do no one any harm to recount the details of his case, revealing, as they did, so much of the intimacies of Hollywood's personal and commercial intrigue.

Barbara La Marr is married to Jack Daugherty, serial player. She married him after she had separated from a former husband, N. Bernard Deely, whom she had married after a divorce from a former husband had been granted in Chicago. However, when she learned that the Chicago divorce was invalid, she considered her marriage with Deely nullified and wed Daugherty.

Deely then brought a divorce complaint against Miss La Marr, as he claimed, to test by law the doubt as to whether he had ever been legally wed. Deely employed, as his lawyer, Herman A. Roth, a fairly well-known Hollywood attorney. According to Deely, the original divorce complaint which he filed with Roth contained no names and no direct innuendo against anyone's reputation. But, so goes Deely's story, Roth amended the divorce complaint with a direct charge of misconduct against Miss La Marr with some thirty-seven men, many of whom were notable in the movie world.

Roth, it was testified, brought the amended complaint to the attention of Arthur H. Sawyer, quoted the "morality" clause in Miss La Marr's contract, and demanded $25,000 "hush money" to prevent him, Roth, giving the story to a Los Angeles newspaper, which, Roth alleged, he had under control. The paper in question, when Roth's statement was made public, violently denied his allegation and assisted in his conviction.

Sawyer, recognizing the criminal intent of Roth, cleverly arranged to catch him. Marked bills were paid Roth by Sawyer before witnesses and the police informed of the attempted extortion—which is a polite term for blackmail.

MR. SAWYER had nothing to fear from exposure. Roth, chiefly on the evidence of the marked bills, was tried, convicted and sentenced.

Miss Barbara La Marr is still in some doubt as to whom is her legal husband, but the case is to be continued as quietly as possible until she is given some legal assurance of what is her marital status.

In the meantime, Mr. Sawyer refuses to make any comment as to what he intends doing in regard to the "morality clause" in his star's contract—as to whether he considers that there has been a violation of it or not.

A tempest of comment has been started. What will be the end? Either film stars will accept the morality requirement and attempt, perhaps vainly, to abide by its terms, or there will be revolt.

After all, personal liberty is scarcely stuff of which agreements can be made.

Barbara La Marr and her husband, *Jack Daugherty.*

A scene in the studio with *Arthur H. Sawyer,* well-known movie producer, and *Clarence Badger,* director, posed between "takes." *Mr. Sawyer* is at the extreme left. It was he who cleverly tricked *Herman L. Roth* into the exposure which culminated in the latter's trial and conviction.

SHOULD A GIRL be CHAPERONED in HOLLYWOOD?

by Norma Shearer

Beautiful young *screen actress* tells what temptations await *screen-struck feminine youths*, who visit *West Coast film mecca* seeking *movie fame*

OF COURSE, as everybody knows, some girls would be safe in a harem, while others should be kept under the strictest surveillance at a prayer meeting.

There are girls who can't saunter down the street without having a man ogle them—while others have gone on walking tours around the world and come back home without a single conquest to speak of.

Women have had men young enough to be their sons, and incidentally others old enough to be their grandfathers, hauled up before a judge as mashers.

But, somehow or other, I don't feel particularly worried about these women, for, except in the most flagrant flirting cases, I think they have only themselves to blame (or should I say thank?)

More than once I have seen girls so powdered and rouged that they lay themselves open to suspicion from the start, giggle and smirk at some young man in a manner so inviting that it never surprised me when the man turned towards them with a remark of some sort. But the girl in question usually was more naive than I, for immediately she would assume an attitude of insulted dignity, and the very flustered young man would find himself in difficulties.

Contrary to the prevailing opinion, I do not think physical attractiveness has an undue influence in the matter of flirting.

Naturally a certain amount of attraction is required, but no girl need be a raving beauty, or even a middling one, to be able to attract any number of men.

And Helen of Troy herself, should she suddenly find herself reincarnated into a modern-day movie extra, trudging from studio to studio in search of work, would find that unless she invited attention she would cut no particular figure in the icy atmosphere of a casting office.

How I wish some of you could see the wicked Hollywood you sometimes read about.

And then actually enter a casting office looking for work.

The first time I went to see a director about an engagement, mother accompanied me—but that first time was also the last.

It didn't take me long to discover that a director intent upon his work is interested in types—not flirtations.

"A director intent upon his work," said *Miss Shearer*, "is interested in types—not flirtations."

Anyone looking around a casting office about nine o'clock any morning, would be surprised at the number of pretty girls waiting for an appointment to see some director or other, looking as though they were trying to get an office position, and dressed for the part as well.

WHEN the seeker of movie honors sees the director, she will find that he is as matter of fact with her as though he were engaging her for a typist.

Any deviations from this procedure, I am perfectly willing to warrant, would come from herself.

There are girls who simply cannot resist any chance to make a conquest and who display their whole bag of tricks for any man who comes along, and in some cases that spirit of adventure that lies dormant in most men will answer.

Most men like adventuring. In other years they found an outlet to that inner romanticism which burns as strongly in their hearts at forty or fifty as in their teens, in buccaneering, tilting at the King's tournaments, and fighting duels. Nowadays life isn't as romantic (even though it happens to be a great deal more comfortable), and men don't have as much opportunity to cater to that adventurous streak of theirs.

So perhaps you can't blame them too much when they answer the challenge of a flirting woman.

BUT I do blame a girl who is testing her powers of attractions by doing all she can to encourage a man and then creating a scene when he accepts her challenge.

The uninitiated would be surprised to see the business-like way studios are conducted. There is no loitering on the set, the principals spend all the time they aren't working in their dressing rooms, and the rest of the cast would find themselves very much in the way should they loiter around.

Noontime finds everybody in the studio lunchroom getting through their calories as quickly as possible, and for the most part talking shop. And then back to work again—sometimes late into the night.

Chaperons are a rarity in Hollywood studios. Some girls do take their mothers around with them, but usually it is only the beginners who do this.

And the studio mother isn't a bit popular.

As a rule she buttonholes anyone she can, telling them of her daughter's wonderful qualities and charm until the poor listener is bewildered. She insists upon helping the feminine members of the cast with their make-up, meanwhile giving them her opinion of how they should dress for their parts until they are almost driven frantic. Even the director isn't safe—or, I should say, he is the most to be pitied of all, for when she isn't upbraiding him for making her poor little girl work too hard, she is telling him how a particular scene should be directed, or suggesting that her daughter isn't photographed as well as she should be.

Before the over-chaperoned girl realizes it, she is being politely edged out of things and her engagements are fewer and farther between.

In my mind a studio chaperon is as superfluous as an electric fan at the North Pole, for, even if a girl were looking for a flirtation, she would find a studio the most difficult place in the world to find one.

Even when a company is out on location, or working in the studio all night, the same detached atmosphere persists. In making some of the scenes for "Lucretia Lombard," Irene Rich and I had to work almost a week on the night scenes required for the forest fire scenes, and in all that time we had nothing but the utmost consideration and respect from all the male members of the company, from the director down to the prop boys.

And now that I am back at the Warner Studio again, working in (Continued on page 25)

How I Cope with "ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT"

By Sidney Olcott

"If a director has trouble with an actor," stated *Mr Olcott*, "it's usually *his* fault, not the actor's."

Well known *director* of famous *stars*, who will now direct *Valentino*, tells how he handles *screen folk* when they have *"tantrums"*

By Regina Cannon

HAVE you ever heard the one about the movie actress who held up production two days while the property men, wardrobe women, etc., scoured the city to find a jade ring like one she had seen on a woman at the Ritz two years before? Do you know the story of the star who wanted a particular kind of high-backed chair to use in a scene and wouldn't go on with her work until the chair she had in mind was carted from some antique shop?

There's another one going the rounds about a certain famous one who is booked on the pay-roll as an actress—although heaven knows who thought of the nom-de-plume—who demands that a card be tacked on the set on which she is working which reads: "Extras, do not speak to Miss ———." Having seen Miss ——— we wonder why *anyone* would want to speak to her.

The reason usually given for such mad goings on in the studio is "artistic temperament." No one ever thought of attributing the *completo nutto* state some stars get into to the Kleig lights. We've heard of people getting funny from sunstroke—and moonshine—so why not from Kleig lights?

Perhaps artistic temperament is a disease and if so, there must be a cure. We wanted to know if one could possibly get over it, and if so, would one ever be the same afterwards.

We decided to ask Sidney Olcott how he deals with enlargement of the cranium—er, pardon us—artistic temperament. Mr. Olcott, by the way, is the greatest director the screen can boast of today. You can shout for your Dwans and DeMilles, but after seeing "The Green Goddess," "Little Old New York" and "The Humming Bird," Mr. Olcott has all our votes as the paramount man in Paramount.

He has personality, affability and a marvelous sense of humor. He does not suffer from *the* ailment—a big head, we mean. A compliment goes to his heart, not his head.

"How do you cope with it?" we asked this genial man at lunch the other day.

"The movie people," Mr. Olcott replied, "are regular human beings. They're nearly always ready to meet you half way. They are not upstage. I could give you instance upon instance to prove the veracity of this statement.

"It's a funny thing—when I start work on a new picture, the company sort of give me 'the once over' for a few days to see if I'm 'regular' or if I'm going to try the 'high and mighty.' When they're sure that I'm a harmless, hard-working man trying to eke out an existence, why they come around and co-operate and all is well on the Potomac, as you might say."

There was a twinkle in Mr. Olcott's eye as he said this and we thought, "This man couldn't act Ritzy if he tried. It's just in him to be human and modest and even humble about his great achievements."

"But we've heard all sorts of wild tales about the difficulties directors have in managing temperamental stars," we parried.

"Listen here," said Mr. Olcott, as if he were letting us in on some inside stuff, "if a director has trouble with an actor it's usually his fault, not the actor's. You've heard the story about empty coal carts making the most noise? Well, the louder the director shouts, the less there is in his head. If a man gets up and bawls through a megaphone, well, he doesn't know what it's all about—his business is as much a mystery to him as it is to the lowliest extra.

"THERE should be no confusion in a studio while work is in progress. There's plenty of time for a little fun between shots, but while the camera is grinding away everyone should be intent upon doing his or her bit to the best of their ability. If everyone does his part there will be no noise or confusion. All will go smoothly.

"I believe, as a general thing, in an eight-hour day for movie people. Working all day and night or at odd hours is terrifically wearing. One cannot do one's best under the strain. That's where irritation comes in the door and good-fellowship flies out the window. That's where a man under a terrific strain, is apt to forget he is a human being and start to bawl out orders. I try not to be one of the type. I hope I succeed."

(Continued on page 24)

My Own Story of My

Rudy and Natacha enjoy although Rudy does not go through the lovely French otony of the famous young ing wife—They re-

Rudolph Valentino, who tells his own story herein of his recent trip and sojourn abroad.

Deauville, August 9th.

NATACHA and I were quite thrilled about going to the Casino.

Natacha arrayed herself in her most gorgeous Poiret creation. A "Poiret paradox," I call them, because their simplicity is so confounded with their quality of seductiveness. Which is the *nth* degree of perfection to which a woman's gown can go—or anything else for the matter of that.

To allure, to attract, without seeming to do so, without resorting to that favorite American word the "obvious," what greater Art is there than that? Poiret fashions *fascinations* out of textures and colors. He makes chimeras of the concrete. He places a soul in silk. And he does the final and consummate thing of making beautiful women even more beautiful than they were before they went to him. That is not only Art; it is a benefaction to the Race.

Well, and so, thus arrayed, we betook ourselves to the Casino, thinking to be dazzled by the fair women and exquisitely tailored men.

It was most uninteresting!

The people were most uninteresting!

There were no smart women. Literally none at all. There were no smart men. There was not even that aura, that atmosphere of the ultra-sophisticated, the ultra-smart that we had so confidently looked forward to seeking.

The people were mostly tourists, who had come there, no doubt, on the same mission of curiosity that had brought our disappointed selves. They were talking and laughing in loud voices, trying to make for themselves the gay and abandoned time they had thought to find ready-made for them. Any day, on Fifth Avenue, any evening in any cafe of London, Paris or New York, strolling in by the sheerest coincidence, I have found smarter - looking women and more correct and "at-ease" looking men.

And the cuisine was worse than the people. Poor Hébertot seemed to feel that he was somehow responsible for the badly dressed women and the poorly served food. He explained that most of the really smart people were at distances away, and that, anyway, Deauville was not what it had once been.

Doubtless Deauville is much like the places in New York. One winter the Ritz will be the place, where, at tea time and at dinner foregather the orchid - gathering of New York. Another winter it will be the Biltmore, the Ambassador, the smaller places such as Pierre's and the Avignon and so on. People are much like sheep. One goes and the others follow. That has been said before concerning a number of different things, but it is equally true of places where people dress to eat, and eat to dress.

I sometimes wonder, by way of a slight though not irrelevant digression, why people who do not *have* to think so much of dress, who ought not to think so much of dress, and who do not achieve results when they do dress, spend so much heart-breaking time and money on it. So many men, good men, too, have gone down into debt and disgrace to please some woman who would have looked far more charming in a simple gingham frock than in the silks and jewels her misplaced vanity demanded for her.

THERE is virtue in a weed quite as much as in an orchid. And there is beauty in a weed, too, if it is growing, rank and sweet, in its own surroundings and not trying to insert itself into some priceless Cloisonne, where an orchid should be placed. If you have the Cloisonne, well and good. Then you will dwell in it gracefully and rightfully, fulfilling your destiny in the place appointed for you. But if you were born by the country roadside and circumstances have not environed you differently, why break your heart about it, with the result that you are neither the sweet-smelling garden weed, nor yet the aristocratic orchid?

SOMETIMES, when I have spent an evening in such a place as the Casino here at Deauville, when I have seen the spent and wearied and tragedy-smitten faces of the men; the hardened, painted, pitifully striving faces of the women, I think how much better it really is to be the humble blade of grass that knows the pulse of the earth, the warmth and nourishment of natural surroundings that ask so little and give so much, rather than a transplanted flower that is growing unhealthfully out of its native soil.

Rather life, I think, than a semblance of life!

***Rue de Rivoli* in *Paris*, through which *Rudy* and *Natacha* motored daily.**

Rather poverty accepted gracefully than riches at the price of health and happiness!

For, after all, money is a hollow thing unless it is buying a dream. And dreams are so priceless that when one is living a dream money ceases to figure. Dreams cannot be bought.

Most of this wandering thought comes to me as I sit here and think of the faces I saw there in the Casino.

The faces of some of the women; painted and hardened, set in lines of laughter, forced and unnatural to them. Women who would have been far happier, had they but known it, at home in some simple place tending their plants and flowers, watching their babies grow up, gossiping with

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Trip Abroad

by Rudolph VALENTINO

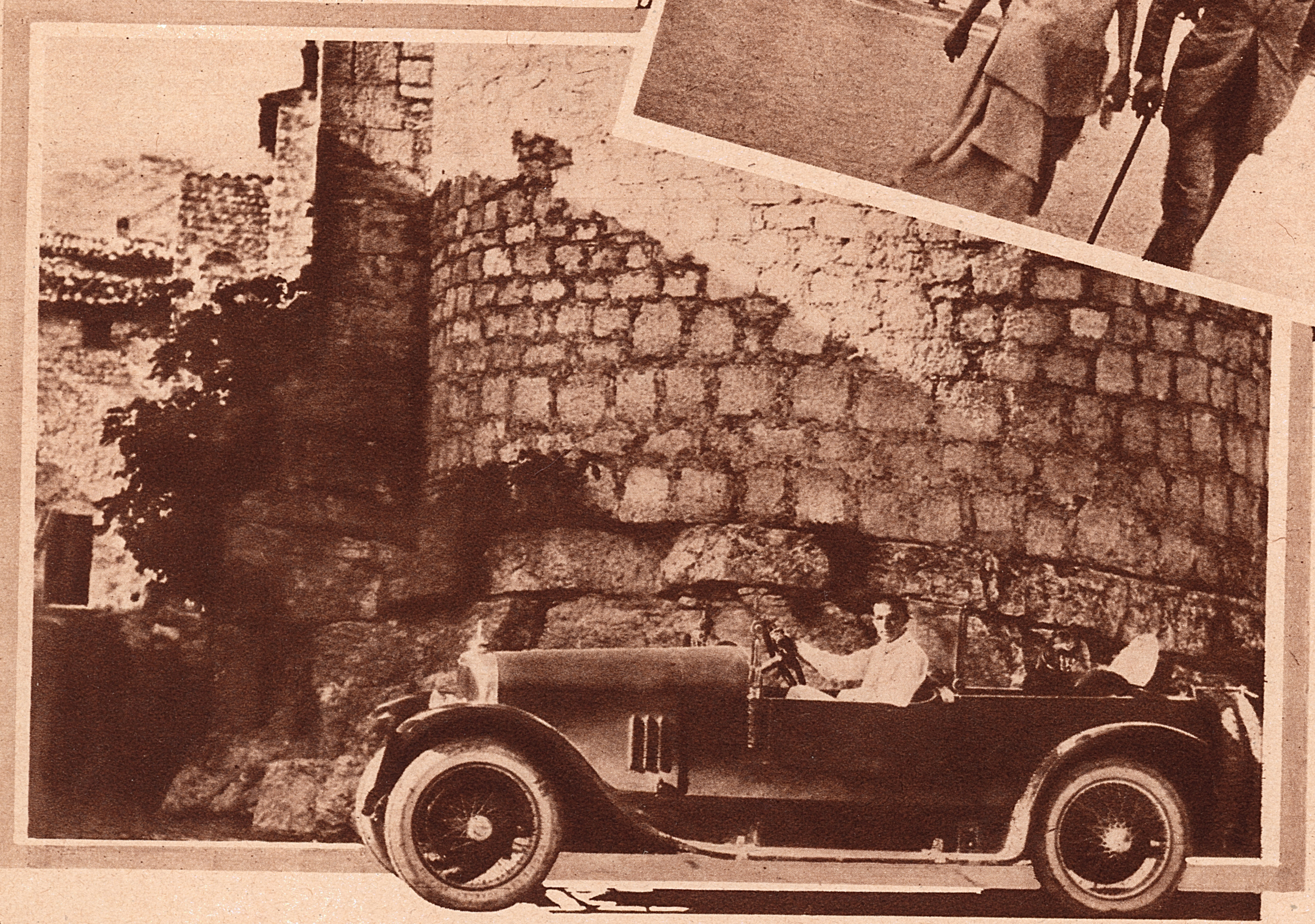
themselves at Deauville, in the water—Motor trips countryside break the mon- screen star and his charm- turn at last to Paris

their neighbors for the sake of the fillip of excitement. Women who didn't belong there at Deauville—and who were trying so desperately hard to believe that they did, and to make others believe that they did, and merely being miserable. Perhaps some of them were acting so to please some man. Or because they *thought* that they were pleasing some man. Some of them had money—and no dream. And they thought, they had been told, that this was "the thing to do" when one has money. If people could only be taught to read their own hearts, to know what is in their hearts. One of the saddest and truest cries in all the world is the cry of the Arab when he says, "Only God and I know what is in my heart!"

And the men there. Dead dreams staring from their hollow eyes, like so many ravaged ghosts. Tired men. Desperate men. Men at that very moment contemplating suicide. Men to whom life could have been sound and sweet, who had soured it and embittered it for the lust of gold.

One man there tonight was pointed out to me as having lost 16,000,000 francs during the season. In the half hour that I was there, looking on, he lost 3,000,000 more. His face looked to me as though he had lost his immortal soul. And all, I thought, watching him, for the sake of the delirious fever that ran in his veins and that would not be slaked save by gold. Gold that left him for all the frantic effort he gave to it. For all that he gave to it his life. Hollow, mocking gold!

Meandering through *Paris*. *Rudy* and *Natacha* out for a *Sunday* morning stroll.



Off for *Deauville*—*France's* famous watering place. *Natacha* paused to take this picture of *Rudy* at the wheel.

I didn't stay long enough to know. I don't think I should want to know, but doubtless that poor soul has gone now, by his own hand, to the place where there is not the treasure that corrupts. Where, if he cannot gain it, neither can he lose it. And that is a merciful thing.

I remained an onlooker, more interested, really, in the tragic human pantomimes that were being unconsciously enacted for me than I was in the gaming itself. I didn't join the play, for the chief reason that gambling doesn't interest me. It never has and I daresay now, that it never will. It is one of the fevers of man that I have happily escaped. It has never attacked me, even in a mild form, and I suppose that I should be thankful for it. It has always seemed to me so pitiful a thing to see a man mastered by a thing, rather than a master of things. Surely no man would give his life, his hopes, no doubt his love, to the running race of gold on gaming tables if he were able to control himself. There must be a taint in his unfortunate blood that will not be gainsaid. And that so many of these big gamesters die suicide deaths, points the more directly to the tragedy back of it all.

Natacha took the same interest in the gaming rooms as I did; the human drama being there enacted. Men without their masks. Women with their masks of paint and powder all too pitifully transparent. Toys. Victims. Money-mummers. Tragedies . . .

(*Continued on page 22*)

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

From adventure to adventure, from love to love, Hal Kent, actor and vagabond, quickly moved, with that fine courage and unrestraint which is youth and freedom, and the spirit of essential gaiety. Life held for him many surprises, many dangers, many joys . . . But read Kent's own story, written by
HIMSELF

LAURA CARLSEN was the first woman to play a part in my life. I met her just after I left college, when I was down and out, and we loved each other. But the pure bond between us was too frail, and with the coming of Yvonne, the actress, it was severed.

With her I fled to Pittsburgh, where I played small parts in the stock company of which she was the head, and lived, in love, with her. But Yvonne was false, as she only too soon proved. One idle morning in our apartment, she was suddenly visited by an elderly man, who, it proved, was supporting her. To cover my presence in her rooms, I pretended to be a burglar and permitted myself to be jailed.

But what was my horror to find that Yvonne had no intention of having me released. My position was desperate. An escape must be effected.

With the aid of Molly Shane, a fellow prisoner, I made my getaway, taking her with me.

We jumped a freight which ultimately landed us in Jersey City, and en route Molly told me her story.

She had been ruined by a man named Bob Sylvester, a Jersey City thug. She had loved him, but her love was repaid only with blows and curses. It was a tragic story, soon to have a tragic end.

On our arrival in Jersey City, Fate cast Sylvester in our path. We came upon him, curiously enough, just as he was about to be arrested by a detective for some unknown cause. The old fascination made itself felt in Molly, and, with no more warning than I have here written, Molly cast herself before her lover just as the detective was about to shoot; and received his bullet in her heart!

I fled the scene of the tragedy and made my way toward the nearby river.

I THINK maybe some of the breezes of the river blew away my half feverish thoughts. But the tragedy, the adventures I had gone through, still whirled in my head, and my mind was in a chaos. Standing there, one idea stole into my brain, an idea that had all the fixity of an obsession.

Suddenly I had seen myself as I had been these last few months, living a disreputable life, pursuing an uncertain career, growing soft, lax and morally weak. Only the presence of death itself had saved me from embarking in a love affair that could have no permanence and create no happiness.

Laura Carlsen! That was the idea, that was the obsession!—I would see her again. I would go to her frankly and sincerely, confess my weakness and beg for her forgiveness. I thought of that mother and daughter, of the peace and gentleness of their simple household, and I hungered for it, as a starving man seeks bread.

Laura Carlsen! Why hadn't I dared to seek her before this? Why had I thought of her with nebulous sentiment, dreaming of her gentleness, but taking no action that would make amends for my treachery to her love? All other love must be, for me, profanation. I thought of Molly, lying dead, and a pang went through me at the realization of that pitiful and wasted life.

Her eyes rested thoughtfully upon me. "Oh, no," she said coolly. "I think not. He'll hardly do."

I could hardly wait when I reached the New York landing-dock to hurry down to the familiar house in West Street. I had no plan in my head, no thought of what to say. If only I could see her, that would be enough. Suddenly I realized that all these months she had been in the background of my mind, serving for me as a symbol of the things I might have been.

I RANG furiously, but it was long before the door was opened. A stranger, a woman whom I had never seen before, confronted me.

"Mrs. Carlsen? Is she in?" I faltered.

The woman wrinkled her brows. "Mrs. Carlsen? Oh, you mean the people that owned this place? The lady died more than a month ago—pneumonia. Her daughter's gone away. No, I couldn't say where. Left no address, I guess."

I remained staring stupidly, while the door was slowly closed. Laura had disappeared! But where? A tide of despair came over me. Then I swore to myself that I would find her, and that I would make myself worthy of her when I did.

Meanwhile I was in New York, without a penny, and knowing not where to go.

As I stood, that bleak, dismal morning, on the threshold of the house in West Street, blankly regarding a closed door, without a cent in my pockets, without a decent connection to turn to, and with the whirl of recent tragic events filling my mind, I could see nothing ahead—I was utterly despondent.

In that moment of flying resurvey, I totaled up the sum of my experiences with dejection: I had been dropped from college, estranged forever from my family, proved faithless to the girl I loved and who loved me, mingled in an intrigue with an unscrupulous stock actress, landed in jail and broken out of it, and taken a hand in the dark destiny of a street girl.

I HAD not progressed save in experience itself. I had no trade or calling to turn to, no place to call my home, no one to call my friends. In that mood, I loathed myself and looked back with sick eyes at the succession of my blunders. Why, I was actually a fugitive from justice at that moment!

Long since I have wondered why it was that, with my subsequent fame in pictures, I was never apprehended. It is true, of course, that I was never actually brought to trial, and then, besides, the police doubtless did not connect an obscure thief with a well-known actor.

I might as well begin by stating that my advent in the films was a matter of the merest chance, though I tell myself that sooner or later, in one way or another, I would have gravitated to that goal.

It happened unexpectedly, and without the slightest hint of warning, on the very heels of the experiences through which I had just passed.

Feeling very low in spirit, very unkempt and soiled in appearance, I began to walk uptown, away from the door of Laura Carlsen's old house on West Street.

Why I walked or where I was tending, I did not know, and I moved mechanically ahead, with my thoughts occupied gloomily with the smash of all my aspirations. I had hoped to regenerate myself, to make myself worthy of Laura's guileless goodness, but now she had disappeared, and I felt as if my last chance had gone with her. What happened to me no longer mattered.

I walked on and on, scarcely seeing the crowds or streets. Then I realized that I was tired, that my muscles even ached from my hard night and the long walk. I looked around. I had entered a park, and near at hand was a deserted bench, half hidden by the turn of the pathway.

I sat down, and, resting my chin in my hands, continued to revolve my hopeless thoughts. It was after I had been there some fifteen or twenty minutes that I heard the noise of some faint, queer commotion down the pathway. It grew louder, and I jumped up, and went swiftly out to the pathway to discover what the sounds meant. At the same instant a woman, her face crusted thickly

with a peculiar kind of grease paint, rounded the turn so swiftly that she dashed into my arms.

She recovered herself, and faced me angrily. "Thanks!" she said dryly. Her eyes traveled over my costume and my battered appearance. "You certainly chose a mighty clever time to get curious!"

I returned her stare with a certain bewilderment, and for a moment—though it was only a moment—I didn't realize what she was talking about. The next second I understood. She was an actress of this new medium—these motion pictures that seemed to be developing overnight in popularity. And then I saw a little group of men not far away, standing about a tall, awkward-looking camera, and I realized that I had blundered into a scene in the making.

I did not know that I had blundered into a career, also!

I made some apologies to the actress, but she wasn't pacified. She looked to be in her blown thirties, a rather florid blonde, with irritable dark eyes. By this time the men who had been operating the camera approached. In the act of moving off, I suddenly felt one of them slap me on the back with a hearty, "Hello, Hal!"

TO MY surprise, it was Martin Trayle, an actor whom I had known in Yvonne Weldon's stock company, and who had later deserted for the films to the gibes of all of his associates. He was a thickly-set man, with an abrupt manner and a share of vanity, but he was kind-hearted and generous to a fault.

"What are you doing here, old man?" he continued.

"Oh, nothing," I said. "Just out for a stroll." Then, with the realization of how ludicrous those words must seem in conjunction with my clothes and appearance, I told the truth frankly: "I'm down on my luck," I said.

Trayle's face showed a quick concern. We drew aside, and in a few seconds I told him briefly of my situation, without explaining the fact that I had had to break from jail after losing Yvonne's favor.

"She was a hard customer," he declared, "that Weldon woman. She's got a bad name from coast to coast. What are you doing—I mean, what do you plan to do?"

"God knows!" I said.

"Ever thought of the pictures?" he inquired.

"I guess I'll do anything to keep alive," I answered.

He smiled at that. "My dear fellow, you can sneer at the movies if you like, but it's the coming thing. Look at me. Thousands know my face now, where formerly it was but a few hundreds."

After a little further talk, he suggested that I drop around to the studio where he was working and he would see what he could do. "I can't promise you more than a bit, but it's regular work and interesting. And here! Pay me when you're flush again." He generously held out a ten-spot to me, and I realized again the goodness of his heart underneath his shell of vanity and affectation. It is like that, it seems to me, with so many actors.

It's a queer thing, but the rest of that afternoon I felt that I had taken the last step downward towards oblivion. Below the movies there was nothing! Such was the general attitude towards the films at the time when I entered them.

I DID not realize then that in a few short years it was to become a profession to which thousands of ambitious aspirants would turn, to which women of society, men of fortune, would gladly bring the little lustre of their names; that fabulous salaries would be paid; and that an army of creative talents would be marshalled together, financed by Wall Street itself.

The next morning I left the room which Martin Trayle's generosity had privileged me to enjoy over night, and went uptown to the address he had given me. The studio proved to be a dilapidated brick building in Harlem. On the second floor of this I found myself in a room with litterings of costumes, decorations, electrical appliances and the paraphernalia of a photographer.

I sent word in that I wished to see Mr. Trayle, and presently he came through a farther doorway, and shook my hand enthusiastically.

"I think I have great news for you, my boy," he exclaimed. "The question has come up about securing a good leading man to play opposite Lottie—Lottie Spence. That was Lottie whom you ran into yesterday."

I nodded, feeling a greater interest than I had believed possible, and Trayle went on: "Old Sigsmund Maurer himself is here this morning, and you may be able to get the job just by being on the spot."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Let me understand what you're talking about. Who is Sigsmund Maurer, for instance?"

Trayle opened his eyes in surprise. "Mean to tell me," he demanded, "that you don't know who Sigsmund Maurer is? Why, he's the owner of the company, of course. This is where the Maurer pictures are made! And Lottie Spence is the 'Maurer Girl.' And I've recently begun to play the heavies. Where have you been, man, that you don't know these things? I tell you the movies are the coming proposition!"

I was inclined to discount Trayle's enthusiasm for the thing in which he himself was a factor. Nevertheless, I began to grow more interested, and when I was led into an office and introduced briefly to a group who were waiting there, I was highly curious if nothing more.

Most of those present comprised those whom I had inadvertently seen the day before. There was the man who had operated the camera, a thin fellow whom I afterwards learned combined the varied positions of electrician and property man; a boy, who looked hardly out of school, who wrote the scenarios and "arranged the scenes"; and half a dozen members of the company. But Lottie Spence, the "Maurer Girl," was not present.

Sitting at the desk was a big, heavy-jowled German of perhaps fifty years of age, shrewd-eyed and a trifle contemptuous. This was Sigsmund Maurer himself. Near him stood a boy of twenty, who was obviously his son.

I answered as well as I could the few curt questions that were put to me by old Maurer himself, and then, without further ado, I was given a trial. It seems astonishing to remember the simplicity of that interview, compared with the present screen tests, psychological casting, desired type, and I don't know what else besides which halts the ambitious amateur on the threshold of profoundly established companies.

I was given the directions to exemplify a simple scene: A man receives a letter, opens it, learns he has inherited a million dollars, registers his joy and surprise, glances over the envelope again, discovers that the legacy is actually intended for another person, shows disappointment, and then concludes with resignation. It ran, as far as I remember, like that.

FEELING highly self-conscious, I tried to express all this in pantomime. Sigsmund Maurer's small eyes stared at me piercingly. At the end he shook his head.

"No good," he said bluntly, with a trace of accent in his voice.

I was humiliated at my failure. "See here," I said with determination, "let me try that again! I'll show you. Only I'll have to speak. Is that permissible?"

This time I forgot my critical audience and went through the scene with all the ability of pantomime I could muster. By giving expression to each mood with some phrase or exclamation, I found I could convey something of the little part. At the end I was rewarded by a grunt of approval from Maurer, and at the same moment the door opened with a bang, and Lottie Spence entered.

"Here's your new leading man," was Maurer's greeting.

SHE paused and her eyes thoughtfully rested upon me.

"Oh, no," she said coolly, "I think not. He'd hardly do. Too tall to play opposite. Besides, I have already telephoned to an agent to send down a man whom I myself can recommend highly."

Maurer looked from me to her. "All right," he said in an expressionless voice. "You know best there."

I was stunned. At the very moment of success, I had met with defeat. I no longer scorned the films. It now seemed to me that I had lost a very golden opportunity. My friend, Trayle, whispered to me to wait. Then, with his usual kindness, he spoke privately to Maurer, but he returned to me with a crestfallen face.

"There's a chance for you to join the company," he said, "but that's about all, and I'm afraid it's the best I can do. You'll have little bits to do, and you can learn the game that way, and later get a real place. The salary's next to nothing. I don't suppose you'll want to take it."

I considered. "No," I said, "I'll take anything and do anything. I begin to think that I shall want to play in pictures, after all. But what has Lottie Spence got against me?"

Trayle winked significantly. "Damned jealous cat!" he declared. "Afraid of your looks, of course. She wants to be the whole thing. Why, she's jealous of *my acting* as it is. But she can't get rid of *me!* I've got too good a drag with Maurer. He appreciates me."

It was in this way that I became a member of a motion picture stock company, playing little extra bits, as Trayle had told me, servants, guests, and other flash parts. In return for this I received twenty dollars a week, and thought myself fortunate to get it.

I shall not go into detail here regarding those first few weeks of discovery of this strange new profession, discovery for me, at least, for my story concerns what subsequently passed between myself and Lottie Spence and (*Continued on page 18*)

"Let me have this," she begged, "oh, let me have this! I'll give you anything!"

"AMERICA",

Lionel Barrymore and Carol Dempster represent the opposing forces of Britain and the Colonies in D. W. Griffith's screen epic, "America."

New film is masterpiece of dramatic and historic art—"*Happiness*," "*The Uninvited Guest*" and "*Damaged Hearts*" among other pictures of the week

***Reviewed by* John W. Vandercook**

"AMERICA"

Griffith Re-creates a Nation's Drama

Presented at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, New York, with a cast including Carol Dempster, Lionel Barrymore, Neil Hamilton, Erville Alderson, Charles Emmet Mack, Harry O'Neill, Riley Hatch, Louis Wolheim, Lucille LaVerne and Arthur Dewey. Directed and produced by D. W. Griffith. Story and titles by Robert W. Chambers.

The motion picture, "America," ranks among the three or four truly great films of the cinema's brief history. D. W. Griffith has again reminded the world with an emphatic gesture that he is the chief of all American directors, and supreme artist of great canvases.

It is no coincidence that "The Birth of a Nation," "The Covered Wagon" and "America," have all dealt with epochal periods in this nation's history. The screen is ideally fitted for the portrayal of gigantic themes, and American directorial genius is naturally superlatively inspired by that which is greatly American.

The Revolution and the troublous times which preceded and followed it was one of the most dramatic eras in all man's annals. It was a time of passions, tragedies and the vast, stern gaiety of the liberated human spirit.

With extraordinary force Griffith has brought that national emotion to the screen. The Revolution has been reproduced with such perfection of mood and detail that the spectator feels himself literally experiencing much of the action and sentiment that accompanied it.

An unbelievable wealth of material and incident has been spent to make the picture really epic in quality. There is, of necessity, occasional frailty of continuity, but the marvel on the whole, is that "America" holds together at all. For it does.

A charming romance between a Virginia patrician girl and a Boston plough-boy, winds its way indissolubly through the sequence of historical scenes. The Battle of Lexington and Concord, Bunker Hill, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Cornwallis' surrender, and the storming of Fort Sacrifice, are but a few of the events which have been brought, with marvelous fidelity and drama, to the screen.

Nothing, however, is introduced with the crudity of a pageant. Each historic occurrence is brought forward only as it concerns the characters of the story. Their human, poignantly personal tragedies serve as allegories of the nation's woes.

But it is vain to attempt to do justice to the perfection of Griffith's direction, whether demonstrated in the performance of a delicate love scene or a mighty battle.

The spectator is caught up in an emotional cyclone which deposits him three hours later, gasping, back again in a time which, for the nonce, has ceased to exist—the present.

The acting responsibilities fall upon Carol Dempster, Lionel Barrymore and Neil Hamilton. Each is incomparably fine. Barrymore, in a remarkably interesting part, is brilliantly decisive and forceful. Miss Dempster convinces us, after duly calm consideration, that she is the one finely gifted and *really* beautiful woman on the screen.

It is needless to advise you to see "America." We might make ourselves useful, however, by suggesting a second and a third, and perhaps, a fourth trip to it. You will tire of it only when you tire of romance in its greatest sense.

"HAPPINESS"

Unpleasantness as a Major Virtue

Previewed at the Metro Projection Room, New York. Presented with a cast including Laurette Taylor, Pat O'Malley, Hedda Hopper, Edith Yorke and Cyril Chadwick. Directed by King Vidor. From the play by J. Hartley Manners.

Laurette Taylor has for many years been considered a thoroughly able actress. She has studied her craft diligently and long enough to know it in detail. Perhaps that's why, with the aid of a sympathetic cameraman, she makes such a remarkable very-young female. The average aforesaid Young Female is content with just an occasional flirt of a head, shake of a thigh, and jerk of an impertinent hand. No so Miss Taylor! With magnificent muscular coordination, she keeps everything going at once. She is the composite of all stage and screen Young Folks. She is a very whirlwind of mannerisms, cutenesses and enraging crudities.

Laurette Taylor tries to prove to Edith Yorke that "Happiness" may be achieved by doing just as you please—even at the table.

In "Happiness," the cinema version of her husband's play, Miss Taylor—and she is the whole show—creates one of the most definite and unforgettable characters in many moons of movies. As a pert little New York shopgirl, she is truly remarkable. We have never encountered anyone who, to our taste, was more remarkably unpleasant and nerve-racking than that little girl of Miss Taylor's creation.

There is a large group cluttering the universe

Griffiths' latest, makes History live again

who mistake wretched manners for humor, stupidity for wit, and commonness for "good, clean fun." These will find their *summum bonum* in "Happiness."

"Jenny Wreay," Miss Taylor's character, is one of those wretched little things who get on in the world by the sheer energy of their personalities. They are the sort who trip up tired policemen, throw snowballs at top hats, and slap gentlemen's faces.

Of course, in the picture she jumps and bounces her way to happiness, leaving in her wake an oozy excrescence of platitudinous bunk along the lines of "the dull are happy," "the virtuous grow old," etc. It's fine.

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"DAMAGED HEARTS"

A Fantastic Tale of the Everglades

Previewed at the Film Booking Office's Projection Room, New York. Produced by T. Hays Hunter, with a cast including Eugene Strong, Sara Mullen, Rolinda Bainbridge, Charles de Forrest, Mary Carr and Tyrone Power. Story by Basil King.

"Damaged Hearts" is one of the most unusual pictures we have ever seen. The story by that distinguished story-teller, Basil King, is unusual—different in its locale; and assuredly out of the ordinary are the capable performances of Eugene Strong and Sara Mullen. If the ordinary picture bores you, have a try at "Damaged Hearts." It can't.

That weird section of Florida which is kept inviolate from Yankee millionaires—the swampy Everglades—is the region where the action of the play transpires.

It would require a better memory than ours and a larger magazine than Movie Weekly to recount the plot in all its elaborate detail. Suffice it to say that revenge, unusually muddled matrimony, abduction and ethical culture is its theme. That doesn't seem, on the face of it, to convey very much. In fact, it doesn't. But, for that matter, neither does the picture. Its haste of incident and event serve to hold the attention unwaveringly while it's going on, but depart immediately from mind once it is over. That's all right, too.

The leading players of the troupe are both comparative unknowns. Sara Mullen, a personable and intelligent young lady, gives an able and unforced performance. But Eugene Strong goes her one better. There's a gentleman to stir the hearts of fandom! His profile is something to dream upon . . . and his acting and "general effect" things to praise superlatively.

The photography is unusual, and the whole thing pictorially interesting. Direction, however, is perfectly terrible.

Sara Mullen and Eugene Strong, in "Damaged Hearts," make a bad start, but come to a successful conclusion

Jean Tolley, Mary MacLaren and William N. Bailey have learned the gentle art of savage dress-making. A scene in "The Uninvited Guest."

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"THE UNINVITED GUEST"

South Sea and Submarine Melodrama

Previewed at the Metro Projection Room, New York. Presented by J. E. Williamson with a cast including Maurice Flynn, Jean Tolley, Mary MacLaren, William N. Bailey and Louis Wolheim. Directed by Ralph Ince.

"The Uninvited Guest" is a mystery picture. It is a mystery why it was given its title and it is a deeper mystery why so much perfectly good celluloid was thrown away on it. It measures well over a mile of film. About four furlongs are decidedly worth while. The rest is utter flapdoodle.

Being of a sweet disposition, we shall recount the best first. The action, after a time, staggers to a South Sea isle, and, under the influence of the beneficent climate is rapidly sunburnt from black and white into the loveliest souvenir postcard natural color tints. Reds and yellows and greens flow passionately round and round till the spectator is dizzy with polychromatic delight. It really is lovely. Especially is the eye (*Continued on page* 25)

The Trail I Struck to HOLLYWOOD

Love goes hand in hand, tragically enough, with its cruel changeling sister, jealousy. And out of that comes the bitter lust for vengeance. So Margey, on her upward climb to fame upon the screen, found it . . . But read her own true story of her struggle for life and love in the distant corners of the earth, written by HERSELF

IT'S a long, hard climb to the heights of screen fame. And so I found it when I went to New York with my mother, to earn success on the screen. Months of struggle followed; through the efforts of Jimmy Mulligan, a policeman, who loved me, I got my first screen "bit."

Intermittently I found work, until at last fortune smiled on me in the person of John Barrow, a wealthy producer, who offered me a part in his new picture. I fell madly in love with him, though he was years my senior, and married as well. However, he was estranged from his wife and gossip linked his name with that of Helene Faverish, a star in his productions.

When our whole company went to Hawaii on location, I could see that Miss Faverish regarded me with jealous enmity. So much so that Jimmy suspected her when, strangely, he and I were kidnapped by a group of Hawaiians one night and taken to a nearby island. We learned that a double wedding had been planned for the next day, between me and Bambe-bo, the leader of the natives, and Jimmy and Laola, the leader's sister.

Jimmy, after killing Bambe-bo and his companions in a frantic struggle, found that our boat had been set adrift and our escape cut off. We were alone on the island with Laola; our plight was desperate, as the rest of the tribe were soon to come over for the wedding and vengeance was sure when they discovered the death of our kidnappers.

Laola, who had fallen in love with Jimmy, tried to protect us, though the natives were obviously suspicious of her explanation that Bambe-bo would return. They piled us into a boat, and suddenly, to our horror, the body of Bambe-bo rose to the surface of the water where Jimmy had thrown it.

A struggle followed, in which we succeeded in throwing our captors overboard to the sharks before the other boats could come to their rescue. I fainted, and the next thing I knew I was back with my company and mother. During my convalescence, after the shock, Miss Faverish was so kind I grew ashamed of my suspicions.

On the first day that I felt strong enough to leave my bed, I heard a sound behind me, and looked up to see the menacing arm of a brown woman brandishing a knife in the direction of Miss Faverish and me.

AS THE strange Hawaiian woman advanced upon Miss Faverish and me, her upraised arm menacing us with a knife; the instinct of self-preservation prompted me to pick up a cane chair and use it as a weapon. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Helene Faverish jump aside, and away from the path of the onrushing native woman. It was only then that I realized the attack was being made upon her, for the Hawaiian girl swerved in her rush and made for the beautiful, terror-stricken screen star.

Although a few moments before I did not feel strong enough to do more than wobble out of bed to the window, I raised the light chair and in desperation crashed it down between the descending arm of the woman and Miss Faverish. Just as I did, a cry of anger and hate burst through the native woman's lips. Only one sound, or rather one word, did I understand. That word was "Bambe-bo."

It rang through my brain as I struck out with the chair. A clattering noise told me that the knife had fallen to the floor. Almost at the same instant that the woman and I reached for each other, Miss Faverish also grasped her. The woman must have been very strong, for she flung both of us around as if we were paper bags in her mad efforts to recover the knife.

The sounds of our scuffling and fighting reached my mother, who had gone downstairs to get some ice for me. She came to the room, gave one frightened look through the doorway, and screamed over the bannisters for help. It was a good thing for us that help came, in the persons of Mr. Barrow and Rodney. Both Miss Faverish and I were giving out rapidly.

I did not know at the moment how they subdued the tigerish woman. Weakness, exhaustion and my shattered nerves drove me down to my knees in a spell of unconsciousness. But as my mind whirled into the shadows of insensibility, I kept remembering that the woman had called out the name of the man who had captured Jimmy and me, and taken us to the island.

When I recovered consciousness, my mind began to piece together the threads of the recent past by reminding myself of this fact. Why had she called Bambe-bo's name? This question would not leave me.

Suddenly, with a cry of fear and anxiety, I remembered the scene in the street that I had witnessed a few seconds before the attack. Jimmy . . . Jimmy . . . ! Yes, it had been Jimmy lying cut prone on the little wagon! Laola was the girl who had marched ahead of the little procession, wailing at the top of her voice. Slowly but surely I began to put things together.

Jimmy had been hurt, or killed, by natives who wanted revenge for Bambe-bo and his two companions, and all the other natives who had been thrown overboard and killed when they were getting ready to cast us to the sharks. The woman who had attacked us must have been Bambe-bo's sweetheart, his wife, or his sister. She had come to wreak her own vengeance and had made the mistake of thinking that Miss Faverish was me!

WHEN the doctor tried to keep me still, and not allow anyone but mother in to see me, I made it evident that the wisest thing he could do was to let me talk to Mr. Barrow so as I could get things off my mind that were worrying and puzzling me to such an extent I could not rest at all.

I told John Barrow my idea of why the girl had attacked me, after he assured me that Jimmy Mulligan was going to be all right in spite of the fact that he had been set upon and nearly killed by unknown Hawaiian assailants.

"Jimmy, against the doctor's orders, got up, unknown to any of us, and has been trying to get some information which he thinks will confirm a secret suspicion in his mind concerning the why and wherefore of your abduction. The natives caught him prowling about and nearly did for him, but Laola saved his life," declared Mr. Barrow.

While we were talking, there came a hurried knock at the door. Mother found an American official, a marine, and the girl who had attacked Miss Faverish and me, and a Hawaiian interpreter. The native woman was handcuffed and sullen as she came through the doorway.

"Things are beginning to happen, Mr. Barrow. This woman has made some startling assertions which she con-

"The doctor tells me you are coming along splendidly, *Margery*," he said.

tradicts and confirms in the same breath. Having identified her as the wife of the man known as "Bambe-bo," it is easy enough to realize that her mission here late this afternoon was one of revenge. The important thing to do is to ascertain whether or not she was intent upon attacking Miss ———, here, or Miss Faverish," he said.

The man's words sent a start through my whole being. Could it be that he, like Jimmy, suspected Miss Faverish?

TURNING to the interpreter, he commanded him to ask Bambe-bo's wife if I were the American woman she had sought to knife. At first the native girl only gave us a sullen look for an answer. The interpreter shot a barrage of words at her, accompanied by many emphatic gestures, some of which were apparently very threatening. When she did start talking, the Hawaiian girl was rather fiery herself. Twice she looked at me, shrugged her slim shoulders, and spoke very vehemently to the brown man.

"This is not the American lady who gave the money to her husband," said the interpreter at last. His words were like a bombshell to me, but to the others in the party, excepting the official, they were only very puzzling and unsatisfactory.

Money . . . Money . . . Money!

The word stuck in my mind, and shot my thoughts back to the fact that Jimmy had found many American bills in the possession of Bambe-bo.

"What does she mean?" demanded John Barrow uneasily.

"She means that an American woman gave her husband a large sum of money to carry out some plans of her own, and that Miss Margery ——— is not the lady who gave the money to the Hawaiian. The next thing to do is identify Miss Faverish as the party who gave Bambe-bo the cash, and you will know who conspired to have Mulligan and Miss ——— abducted," was his startling answer.

I looked at Mr. Barrow to see what effect the electric-like statement would have upon him. The producer was rubbing his hands over his eyes and forehead at the moment and I could not see much of his face, but something about the corners of his mouth and the tautness of his chin made me realize that he was going through a very trying moment.

My mother had gone very white, and was leaning heavily against the foot of my bed. As for me, I just lay back weak and unnerved from what I had heard.

"I think, while we have this woman in a talkative mood, that we had better call upon Miss Faverish at once and have her identified," announced the official.

A STRAINED kind of silence followed his words, which was not broken until Mr. Barrow turned to him and asked if he would mind not carrying the investigation any farther.

"I—I would like to take care of this matter myself, now. Of course, I realize your position. There has been an attempt at crime on the part of natives. But, it might be wisest . . . or, at least, best in the interests of all most deeply concerned, to assume that the abduction did not originate with the natives, and that they can be excused on the grounds of being accessories only. I will see that the matter is thoroughly thrashed out and laid before you. If you then insist upon taking official action, I will abide by your decision. If not, I will take care of the matter personally," he said.

"My position in any such affair of this kind is always to be of assistance to my countrymen. If you do not wish my assistance in this matter to be an official act, then I will consider my participation so far only in the light of assistance rendered to a friend," declared the official, "unless there are complications which will make it necessary for taking formal cognizance of it."

Of course it was not for me to dare question Mr. Barrow's wishes, but when he went out of the room, I asked my mother what she thought he was going to do about everything, and why he had not wished to take the girl to see Miss Faverish.

"The poor man is in a very trying position. He realizes that the identification of Miss Faverish by the woman would mean her exposure . . . Margery, it seems unbelievable that she should want to have you and Jimmy abducted after the kindness she showed me during the time you were away. What under the sun could have possessed her? Have you done anything to anger her in any way?"

"Why, mother, what a thing to ask me! Of course not. I have always been very nice to her," I answered; I was afraid to tell her Jimmy believed Miss Faverish was jealous of me.

"How do you know? What makes you think I am in love with *Miss Faverish?*" he demanded.

"If he was not in love with Miss Faverish, Mr. Barrow might not be so considerate," said my mother.

These words went into my heart like a knife. It was the second time in a short while that mother had cut me to the quick, arousing burning jealousy as well as putting pain in my heart by an illusion to the idea that Mr. Barrow loved Helene. She didn't know it, poor soul, because I couldn't ask her never to mention such a thing again. It would have made her suspicious of my own attitude towards the producer.

As I lay there on my bed that warm tropic night, my brain struggled and struggled with the fragments of truth and suspicion that drifted through it concerning the experiences I had gone through during the past few days. All that I knew definitely was that Helene Faverish must have engineered and paid for the plot against Jimmy and myself. I deducted, of course, that her reason for conspiring against me was because of the desire she had to play a star part in Mr. Barrow's dream picture, and possibly because she was a little jealous of the place she believed I held in his affections.

What was he going to say and do to her, if she confessed to all of the things she was thought to be guilty of? I pondered and pondered this question for hours, as I lay awake, listening to the song of the sea against the nearby beach of Hawaii. If he sent her away, would it be to meet her again when the present had faded into the vagueness of the past? I was afraid to hazard an answer to this question, for I knew if the answer was "yes," that John Barrow must be in love with Helene Faverish.

I WAS he[illegible] prisoner by the doctor for two days. He told my mother it was absolutely necessary that I be kept as quiet as possible, and he forbade any visitors coming into my room. The only news brought to me was that Jimmy Mulligan's condition had improved enough to let him sit around his room.

In those long, dragging hours of suspense and anxiety, I wished a thousand times for a chance to talk with Jimmy and learn his conclusion regarding all that had come to pass. But, more than anything else in all the world, I vainly yearned for the sight and sound of John Barrow. If you know what it means to nurse a secret love in your heart . . . a love that flames and flames in spite of everything, you will realize the feelings that were mine as I waited to see if the man I loved had proved his love for another woman.

At noon of the third day, the physician said that I had improved in strength and vitality enough to see one or two people. I asked mother to get Mr. Barrow. I simply couldn't wait any longer to see him.

When he came into my room and my eyes fell upon him, I told myself that I was looking upon a man who had been dragged through a crucible that left its mark upon him. His eyes were not as bright as usual. There was a slowness about his movements that denoted decreased physical vitality.

A great fear seized me. There was only one answer. John Barrow had been suffering because he loved Helene Faverish, and had found her guilty in his just eyes. His findings had hurt him. He showed the hurt in every part of his speech, manners and appearance.

"The doctor tells me you are coming along splendidly, Margery. I am so glad," was all he said for quite a long time. He took the chair mother offered him by my bedside and sat down. My mother furnished the conversation for a long time. But when she was called out of the room, Mr. Barrow began to talk to me in a very low voice.

"Helene Faverish confessed to me she was at the bottom of all this trouble. She must have been insane at the moment of its conception. Right now she is in a terrible mental and physical condition. I fear for her life. To make this thing public and place her in the hands of the law would, I believe, simply kill her. But . . ." Mr. Barrow paused for a moment, and then went on, "it is up to you and Jimmy to do as you like in this matter. You are the ones who have suffered. If you wish the law to take its course, your wish shall be executed——"

"Oh, Mr. Barrow," I cried, "I do not want to punish Miss Faverish, no matter if she did try to have us nearly killed. She must be suffering enough as it is. I—I cannot hurt her."

He closed his eyes, and I saw his lips trembling as I spoke. Then I felt his hands reaching out . . . touching mine . . . patting them.

"Margery, you are wonderfully sweet and good to say this—to feel no desire for revenge, or to have her punished any more. You are right—she is going through a Gethsemane of suffering right now. I am glad you will (*Continued on page 27*)

Theda Bara returns to the Screen

WHISPERS THE FILM FLAPPER

Theda Bara is going to start work on the screen again. She is in Los Angeles, living in the apartment formerly occupied by Gloria Swanson. She is growing more sylph-like every day—probably through tripping back and forth from the post-office to get letters from her husband, Charles Brabin, who is over in Europe preparing to make "Ben Hur."

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Olive Hasbrouck Becomes a Featured Player

They continue to turn out the starlets over at Universal. The newest one is Olive Hasbrouck, who has been playing minor parts at the big studio for a year, and who has just been promoted to the role of leading woman opposite Jack Hoxie.

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Syd Chaplin Comes Back with a Bang!

Syd Chaplin seems to be coming back with a bang in picturedom. He is being featured over other stars in many of his recent films. It is just possible he may have his own company and release through United Artists. He also has two offers from abroad.

"One thing is sure," said Chaplin, the other day, "I'm not going to hamper myself with any particular style of make-up. I know that Charlie often feels limited on account of the fact that the public won't let him play anything in which he doesn't wear the wide pants and derby."

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Another "Glorified Girl" for the Movies

Another Follies beauty is breaking into pictures. She is Natalie Joyce, who recently came from New York, and who has just been engaged as leading lady to Neil Burns.

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Watch for Priscilla Bonner's Name in Electrics

It looks as though Priscilla Bonner were coming to the fore again. Miss Bonner was one of the most promising of the baby stars of two or three years ago. Then she got married, left pictures, and has only just returned after an unhappy marital experience.

Miss Bonner was formerly leading woman with Charlie Ray, Tom Moore and Jack Pickford. When she returned to the screen, she played a few small parts, but lately appeared in "April Showers," and other pictures. Now she has been signed by Christie for an important part in Dorothy DeVore's first starring vehicle, tentatively called "High and Dry."

Dorothy and Priscilla are both members of The Regulars, the organization of young picture actresses bound by solemn oath to help each other, and it was through Dorothy's offices that Priscilla received her engagement.

So it looks as though there weren't a Me-ouw in every little Me in picturedom, after all.

A Real All-Star Cast

It's getting so that stars are playing bits these days. The other day, out on the set where Harry Hoyt was making "The Woman on the Jury" for First National, the most amazing crowd of important players were doing small parts. The parts were, of course, important, and Hoyt was seeing that they were particularly emphasized.

Among important personages in the courtroom scene were Henry Walthall, Frank Mayo, Hobart Bosworth, Ford Sterling, Arthur Hull, and others almost equally important. It seems that this will be a humdinger of a picture!

"Looks like the Who's Who," exclaimed Bosworth. "Only you wonder Who's the Who! It doesn't seem as if any of us were! The only thing is: where are Jackie Coogan and Harold Lloyd? They can't be any good or they'd be on this set!"

***Percy Marmont* is putting on airs for the benefit of *Barbara La Marr* in *"The Shooting of Dan McGrew."* The music is not the cause of the shooting.**

"Peter Pan" to Go Into the Movies

"Peter Pan" is a certainty now on the screen! Famous Players-Lasky is going to make it next summer. It is rumored that a boy, not a girl, will have the famous Maude Adams role on the screen.

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Tom Mix's Daughter Makes Her Stage Debut

We had almost forgotten that Tom Mix had any daughter, except his baby daughter, Thomasina. But he has. Her name is Ruth Mix, she is the Fox star's heiress by a former marriage, and she is going on the stage out in Los Angeles. She will make her debut at the Pantages in a sketch.

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Lillian Gish Denies Her Engagement

Poor screen stars! Everyone is always trying to marry them off; all they have to do is appear together in public about twice and all the gossips have them engaged.

Now it's Lillian Gish who is the latest candidate for matrimony, according to reports—which she denies. Not long ago a rumor swept Broadway that Miss Gish was engaged to Charles Duell, the president of Inspiration Pictures, with whom Lillian has a contract.

Another fiance which the public has wished upon Miss Gish is Capt. Pierre Frois, of the Steamship *Conte Rosso*, with whom she was said to have fallen in love on the voyage to Europe.

As Miss Gish is now in Italy with her sister Dorothy making "Romola," she wishes her friends in this country to deny that she is engaged. And anything Lillian says goes!

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Dorothy Devore Has a New Pair of Dogs

No, Doberman-Pincher is not the name of a new kind of automobile, nor of a favorite cigarette, but, to end the suspense at once, is the name of a certain breed of German police dog.

The interest to fans lies in the fact that Dorothy DeVore has been presented with a pair of the canines of that breed by Harry Edwards, production manager of the Christie Studio.

And the dogs are not to be put into pictures, declares Dorothy, but are to retain their pristine unsophistication.

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Mildred Harris Rumored Engaged

According to those who are always speculating about prospective marriages in Hollywood, it looks as though Mildred Harris, who once wrote her name as Mrs. Charles Chaplin, is planning to go to the altar again. Mildred admits, they say, to some of her most intimate friends, that she will marry soon, but she refuses to divulge the name of the lucky man.

BY DIVINE RIGHT

Alone with the man she feared and hated more than all others, Mildred receives word of Farrol's escape from prison. And then she learns that he is dead. Grief overwhelms her until . . . But read this gripping fictionization of the Film Booking Office's screen version of Adam Hull Shirk's novel, "The Way Men Love" :: :: :: By Charles Warnerby

THE discovery that the man before her was Trent, her late employer, left Mildred speechless. Strangely, she had never dreamed that the husband of her kind friend and benefactor would prove to be the man, of all men, that she feared and hated most. His persecution of her since she left his employ and which culminated in his unjust accusation of Farrol and caused the latter's imprisonment, had been almost more than she could bear. And now to find herself in his very home . . .

"Well?" he said finally. His amazement at finding Mildred there was no less than hers upon beholding him.

In vain did Mildred strive to control the trembling of her knees. Her lips, too, were quivering in the conflict of emotions she experienced, first in her innate fear of the man and again in her hate of him for all he had done to her and Farrol.

"I—I'm sorry," Mildred said nervously at last, "to find myself in your house. I did not know, I never dreamed."

Her speech failed her as she stared fixedly back at him. He had wet his lips several times, striving for speech, but finding it as difficult as she did to say what he desired. Her movement toward the outer door broke his silence, and he made a slight gesture for her to remain.

"Don't go," Trent said hoarsely.

Mildred turned and confronted him. The accumulated bitterness of weeks was welling within her. The picture of Farrol in his prison cell, of her happiness with him at the mission, where he had sheltered her following her flight from Trent's office—until the mission's fire had destroyed it all—these things one and severally contributed toward her rage that now came pouring from her lips in tumultuous speech.

"You black-hearted scoundrel!" Mildred cried in a low, tremulous voice. "You've done enough to ruin my life and the life of the man I love. I only wish there was a law to punish you. But as there isn't, I only hope that God will do so, and that you will be dealt with sooner or later in a way you richly deserve. Let me pass!"

Trent's face had assumed its familiar apoplectic hue of purplish red. Under her tirade he winced visibly, hurt, it was more than clear, by the plain speech of this infuriated girl. In spite of this, however, he wished, it was apparent, to save himself from the awkward position in which his relationship with the girl placed him. The knowledge by his wife was sufficient, Trent knew, to cause endless trouble for him. He wished to avoid trouble—at home.

"Mildred," he said unsteadily, "for God's sake, please don't be too hard on me. You are here in my home and my wife will return any minute. Please make it appear as though we are strangers to each other. Do this and I will do all in my power to help you."

Mildred's lip curled in contemptuous scorn.

"Even as you have tried to cause my ruin?" she asked.

Trent's hand, which clutched a half-burned cigar, shook nervously, and Mildred, with another step toward the outer door, came to a stop.

Trent had continued speaking and his words brought her, startled, to a sudden standstill.

"I know you think I wronged you by sending that man Farrol to prison," he said, "but I did it because I loved you. At any rate, I'm here to tell you that he has just escaped the penitentiary for which he was bound by train in the company of a deputy sheriff.

Mildred's heart gave a great bound.

"Escaped!" she breathed in bewilderment.

Trent contemplated the cigar he held.

"Yes," he continued, "he leaped from a moving train, and then vanished as though the earth had opened up and swallowed him."

"Oh!" Mildred murmured unsteadily, and again, "Oh!"

A sudden recollection of her decision to leave turned her again toward the hallway that led to the outer door, but the sound of Mrs. Trent's footsteps descending from above arrested her. She interpreted a hoarse sound from Trent as an unphrased plea for her silence. An instant later Mrs. Trent entered the room.

"Why, John!" she exclaimed with a smile, "I did not expect you here so early. Have you met Miss Marsden?"

Trent nodded a trifle awkwardly. Then he smiled.

"We've been talking," he answered.

The hand of the older woman went out as *Mildred* talked and rested upon hers. It comforted the forlorn girl.

"You know, Miss Marsden, I've heard Mrs. Trent tell of the charming companion she had discovered in doing her settlement work, and I'm delighted to find that you even surpass what I had expected to find. A wife's friends, you know, are not as a rule—beauty prize winners."

He laughed, awkwardly, but Mildred shrank from the coarseness of the speech. She felt sure that Mrs. Trent must have felt its indelicacy, but the latter gave no sign of it if she did.

"I've been trying to get Miss Marsden to come and make her home with us," she said graciously.

Trent brightened visibly.

"A splendid idea!" he said with enthusiasm.

But Mildred shook her head. She smiled slightly as she offered her hand to Mrs. Trent.

"Now that Mr. Trent is home, I think I shall leave you," she said.

As though she sensed a secret something in her young friend's manner, the wife of the politician forbore to press her to remain.

"You'll come again next week, dear?" Mrs. Trent asked. There was a hint of wistfulness in her voice that did not escape the departing girl.

"Yes, Mrs. Trent," she said finally without a glance at Trent. And a moment later she had gone.

THE days that followed found Mildred in a maze of dull expectancy. Unable to define the emotions that surged within her at the knowledge of Farrol's escape from prison, she could only live in the dumb joy of his being at liberty—even though a fugitive from the law.

She did not see Mrs. Trent the week-end that followed, for an incident occurred that sent her heartbroken into the seclusion of her furnished room. She read in the newspaper of Farrol's death.

The story was contained in a clipping Mildred found, which told of the prisoner's escape and of his leap from a moving train while on his way to the State's prison. It was a brief account, but one horribly poignant for *(Continued on page 29)*

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

(Continued from page 11)

how Fate took a hand in the game, with ironic results.

But in passing, I may say that as I gained familiarity with camera acting and make-up, with the demands made by those queer, early one-reelers, I grew familiar, also, with certain facts about the company which I must set down to make plain the surprising incidents that followed.

Our specialty was domestic comedy and drama. Although short Western films, with cowboy heroes pursuing a band of hostile Indians, were at that time one of the most popular brands of story, we stuck to our own policy and, so I learned later, made a fortune for the already wealthy Maurer.

He came to the studio seldom, and a German connection of his represented him and acted in a way as the director. But Maurer's son, a pasty-faced youth with insolent manners, was often in the studio, idling and watching. I don't know how it was, but one day I noticed Lottie Spence exchange a glance with the boy. It was nothing more than a glance, but it served to arouse my suspicions.

Now I knew, or had learned, just what Maurer's real opinion of the "profession" was. He regarded all actresses with contempt as loose women, and all the men as mountebanks. He used them merely to serve his purpose in making money. And I knew that if he had any knowledge that Lottie Spence was growing familiar with his son, that he would take action at once.

But it was not my affair, and indeed I had nothing further to bear out my first suspicions. I continued with my work, picking up valuable information of a more practical sort. It began to dawn upon me that Martin Trayle's enthusiasm was not as empty as it had first seemed. The films were here to stay, and there was no telling how far they might go.

AND then I ran into my first case of a movie-struck girl.

One afternoon, when I had occasion to go out of the studio, a girl, who was standing a little nervously in the corridor, gave me a quick look of appeal. She had large brown eyes, and she was pretty in a soft, quiet way.

"Oh, please," she faltered, "are you—that is, do you belong to the company?"

When I assented, she got out a few stumbling sentences that told me one thing plainly: she was desperately anxious to act in pictures.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said. "I can't help you out much because, you see, I'm playing only the most minor parts myself."

"Then whom shall I ask for? Who can help me?"

I reflected. Except for Mrs. Wells with her white hair and dignified manner, the only woman in the company was Lottie Spence herself, and I knew just how much chance a pretty girl like the one before me would have with Lottie. Nevertheless, I told her that Miss Spence had more to say about the casting than anyone else, and she thanked me and went inside.

I returned in a few minutes from my errand. As I did so, I saw the girl who had accosted me just stepping out of the door of the office, her lower lip trembling. After her emerged Lottie Spence.

"Please don't bother me again," said Lottie in her sharp, unpleasant way. "The best advice I can give you is to go into some work that you're fitted for. Good looks are demanded for film work."

Then the door closed, and the girl was standing outside. Her eyes were dark with anger, but she was clenching her small fists in determination. She looked at me with sudden recognition.

"Oh, she was horrid to me!" she burst out. "She insulted me! But I'll show her! I'll get in. And maybe she'll be sorry."

"There, there!" I said, touched a little by her disappointment. "Never mind what she says. That's her way." And without knowing why, I told her of my own experience with Lottie Spence.

"You ought to dislike her as much as I do," the girl declared when I was through. Her eyes were exploring my face with carefulness. She seemed to reach some conclusion. She put out her hands in a gesture of pleading. "Won't you help me?" she asked. "I'm crazy to act in the movies!"

"But," I said, "I can't do a thing. I wish I could!"

"Oh, you could if you tried!" she said. "I guess you could do anything you want, if you tried!" She moved closer to me. "Won't you—please?"

I hardly knew what to make of her, with her intense ambition and her soft ways. If her ambition was sincere, I doubted if she could be

"Baby Peggy" Montgomery **all set for the war-path. Her scalp defies taking, b'gosh!**

as gentle as she appeared. I promised her vaguely I wouldn't forget her, and I went inside.

Perhaps I would have forgotten this girl, Kay Innes, as she was called, if she had never appeared again, in the mixture of episodes that marked my first days in pictures. But for a whole week, with scarcely one exception, I would find her waiting for me in the afternoons. She would ask me a mute question, and then, when I shook my head regretfully, she would go away with a sorrowful look.

The result of this was that I did try to think of ways in which she could enter the company. Of course, she could go to old Maurer, but Lottie Spence would block that, and I doubted if Maurer realized yet that two leading women of different types would be a valuable adjunct. I could think of no way of helping the Inness girl.

And I was the more sorry to be unable to do this, due to the unbearable treatment which Lottie began to subject the rest of us to. She was growing more popular with the early fans, and each week she grew more dictatorial and insufferable. She did not hesitate to lecture any of us for the slightest failure to coincide with her opinions, and we had to bear it in silence.

MY FRIEND, Trayle, repeatedly threatened to quit the company and ruin it by that act, but for some reason or other he continued to stay on. As for me, Lottie Spence seemed to have taken a particular dislike to me from the day we had first met, and when later on I had the chance for a small part in a picture we were making, she obstinately held up work while she called up an agent and secured the services of another actor.

I think we were all in a condition of exasperated fury, and each day when I found Kay Inness waiting for me outside, as I have said, I felt sorrier than ever that I wasn't able to get her a chance. I told myself that she would make a thousand times better leading woman than Lottie Spence.

And then, by the sheer act of chance, something happened which upset the complete situation in the studio.

I have spoken about Lottie and young Maurer. I had seen nothing further pass between them, nor was I greatly interested. But one day, when the pasty-faced boy was hanging about, I left the studio early. Going to the coat rack, I took down what I thought was my own coat, and put it on. It fitted me uncomfortably. I saw that I had put on someone else's coat that resembled mine, and a glance told me it belonged to young Maurer.

I exchanged it for my own, when, plunging my hand into my pocket, I found a folded paper there. I drew it out and read it. It began without any superscription:

"You know I love you, and there's no use pretending anything different. It's a shame the way your father looks on me, but if we married right away, I think he'd have to forgive us . . ."

I won't give the rest of it, but I had read hardly a few words more before I realized that the note was written to Sigsmund Maurer's son! It was signed, "Lottie." She had apparently been flirting violently with the boy under our very eyes, and had tricked him into a proposal!

I jammed the letter back into my pocket, without realizing in the interest of the moment just how it had come to be there. Vaguely I wondered what to do with it. I could hardly take it to the Maurer boy myself, and as for returning it to Lottie, that satisfaction would be considerably dampened by finding myself dismissed immediately.

In the corridor Kay Inness was waiting for me as usual. She read the same reluctant message in my eyes. But she smiled.

"Won't you come and have tea with me this afternoon?" she asked. "I don't live very far away. If you only would!"

"Why, of course," I said. "It's very kind."

TALKING idly, we walked half a dozen blocks until we came to an old brownstone house that had apparently been broken up into tiny apartments. The girl ushered me into one of these, and from a cupboard brought out a teapot and some crackers.

"Why did you invite me over here?" I asked frankly. "Don't you realize that I'm quite powerless to help you at the studio?"

She looked at me with those velvety eyes. "Do you think that is the only reason I'm interested in you?" she asked. "Though I *have* thought out a plan! I want you to take me to Mr. Maurer and let me talk to him. Will you introduce me?"

"If you like," I said, "though I can't hold out much hope that way." Then I foolishly added: "As a matter of fact, I have something in my pocket which would ruin Lottie Spence and make a good calling-card to see Maurer with, if I cared to stoop to that."

Her eyes grew excited, and she begged me to tell her what I meant. The upshot was that I showed her the letter. By this time I realized that Lottie had slipped it into my overcoat under the impression that it was the Maurer boy's. What I should have done, of course, was to put it where it was intended.

But now Kay Inness was gazing at me with a tremulous smile. "Let me have this," she begged. "Oh, let me have this! I'll give you anything . . ."

"That's impossible," I said. "I can't give you that. I know how you hate Lottie Spence and I don't blame you, but we've no right to do that. I wouldn't think of that."

She seemed about to speak further on the subject, but apparently she changed her mind. She drew closer to me.

(Continued on page 25)

What OUR Readers think of US

For the three best letters from our readers telling us what stories and articles in Movie Weekly they liked best in our most recent issue, and what stories and articles they liked least, Movie Weekly will pay a cash prize each week of $10.00 for the best letter, $5.00 for the second best, and $3.00 for the third best. Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPARTMENT, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

Because I am of the opinion that Movie Weekly is the only screen magazine that is headed in the right direction, and back up that opinion by having stopped reading all other so-called "screen" magazines, I avail myself of the opportunity to tell my likes—and my dislikes; and to offer my humble suggestions.

It will not all be praise! There are three parts of any magazine that offer themselves as fields for criticism: the presentation of the magazine as a whole; its policy; its subject matter.

As to the first item—the presentation. Movie Weekly is distinctive; it is different.

But it is upon its policy that I base my faith and hope. For instance, I cite two stirring editorials, one some time ago, the other more recent. When Wally Reid was fighting the grim fight to regain his strength and life, the spirit of fair play moved the heart of Movie Weekly, because that heart beat to the tune of fair play. And from the pen of one whose every word rang with conviction, there came a momentous appeal to the great American public to suspend judgment; to wait until the entire truth was made known before making its decision. And when Mabel Normand recently became the victim of an unfortunate occurrence, the same heart was again opened and the same appeal again went forth! The Golden Rule! I have watched carefully; it has been a consistent course. This, then, is our hope.

In view, therefore, of the heights to which Movie Weekly can reach, how is it possible to countenance the type of fiction, and, to a lesser extent, the subject matter of certain silly, ridiculous interviews that have appeared in your pages? The great fault of motion pictures today is the hokum, pure bunk, silly nonsense, that is contained in them. It does not take long to see through this veil—and then to hope for the instilling of plain, ordinary naturalness into motion pictures.

Can we not hope that you will eliminate the nonsensical fiction? And that we may see more articles on matters that we are all really interested in—articles such as "How De Mille Filmed the Ten Commandments," "When Is a Woman Too Old To Go Into Pictures?" Articles of this nature are live; they are real. More of the Film Flapper and the Old Colonel, and an even more intensive, comprehensive film review.

Herein is your opportunity: appearing weekly, you are able to present to us matters that are current, recent, not six weeks or two months old. I say with all sincerity, that the elimination from your pages of the ridiculous fiction, of all interviews conceived in bunk and executed in hokum; the continuation of the articles and real interviews, having a logical message; and the enlargement of the current news column, will make of you a force for progress in the field of motion pictures.

Just one word more. Your organization has the ability to mould public opinion. There is a certain page whose need in your magazine has been greatly felt—an editorial page.

Movie Weekly has progressed; it is reaching to manhood, to its full growth. May that growth be such as to merit the continued support of all who now look up to it to lead the way to the best in motion pictures.

WILLIAM MURRAY.

Peggy O'Day **seems to be holding the key to some mystery.** EVANS.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

This week in bed with the influenza I find entertainment in perusing the latest issue of the Movie Weekly. You might think that my impressions are feverish. Not at all.

Well, I can see that Alma M. Talley could have revealed more about "The Business of Being Funny" than Harold Lloyd wished. I was very disappointed because of the briefness of the article.

"Whispers of the Film Flapper" make me intimate weekly with the social doings of the stars, their travels and perhaps occasionally their innocent intrigues.

Pardon me for not believing anything about "The Wickedest Eyes in the World." Your magazine, allow me to say, strives after sensationalism too much. Oh, yes, everything is sensational in the moving pictures; if not, you make it so.

"Marriages Not Made in Heaven." Now that made me curious and, of course, I read the article to find out what the writer could say about the title. And he succeeded in holding my attention to the last word.

The story, "By Divine Right," I have begun and I can foresee a weak plot structure. The story itself has interesting characters to start with and I am anxious to read the next instalment.

Advice by Mary Pickford for screen-struck girls. Though I am a young man I read the whole article. Why? I'll tell you. Some day I can tell a screen-struck girl what I have learned, and she might give heed before setting out for the great adventure.

One defect I notice in the Movie Weekly is that you don't print much interesting news for your male readers. The present style of articles in your magazine may well merit it the title of "The Women's Movie Weekly."

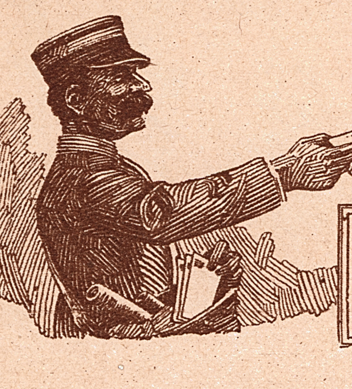
Here is the article which really interested me first and foremost: "How De Mille Filmed 'The Ten Commandments.'" The account of this moving picture expedition was well told and you have added fresh fire to my eagerness to see that picture. Oh, I could say much about this article. Many things were brought out by the writer almost impossible to believe.

Every week I read the Latest Photoplays by John Vandercook in order to choose my week's entertainment. Your description of the photoplays of merit meets my approval and I also like their illustrations. In a winning fan's letter in your magazine of recent date I read that he wishes the departments of the latest photoplays and Brief Reviews to be combined. I would not recommend this union as Brief Movie Reviews enable a fan to choose his evening's entertainment at a glance and with confidence.

Let us have more of such portraits as Robert Fraser. They are worthy of being framed and the pose is good.

One word more—I would suggest changing the price of Movie Weekly. Increase it to fifteen cents per copy and you will be able to publish a

(*Continued on page 24*)



Fan Is Gloria's Slave

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

GLORIA'S SLAVE—Why don't you write and tell Gloria she has a slave? She might need somebody to shine her shoes—who can tell? Gloria was once married to Wallace Beery, but more recently she was married to Herbert Somborn. She has one little daughter, Gloria Somborn. Her hair is black.

TEXAS JACK—Of course you can have a few moments of my sweet time—they don't think so much of it around this office, anyway, judging by the salary they pay me. Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas, in 1898. She is 5 feet 4, weighs 120 and has brown hair and blue eyes. She recently married Walter Morosco. Write her at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

MINNY—Hoot Gibson is married to Helen Johnson. Write him at Universal City, Cal.

ONE WHO READS MOVIE WEEKLY—Ah, there's two who read Movie Weekly! We had one last week, too. The servant in "Drums of Fate" was played by Bertram Grassby.

GLADYS—Yes, Leatrice Joy will doubtless play opposite Thomas Meighan again some time when the role happens to fit her.

H. T. B.—Yes, Hope Hampton is still continuing her screen career. She is now Mrs. Jules Brulatour and lives at 1145 Park Ave., New York.

JANUARY — And here it's March before you get an answer. Colleen Moore is in her early twenties. She recently married John McCormick, and they live at 1231 S. Grammercy Place, Los Angeles. Yes, Alice Calhoun played in "The Midnight Alarm."

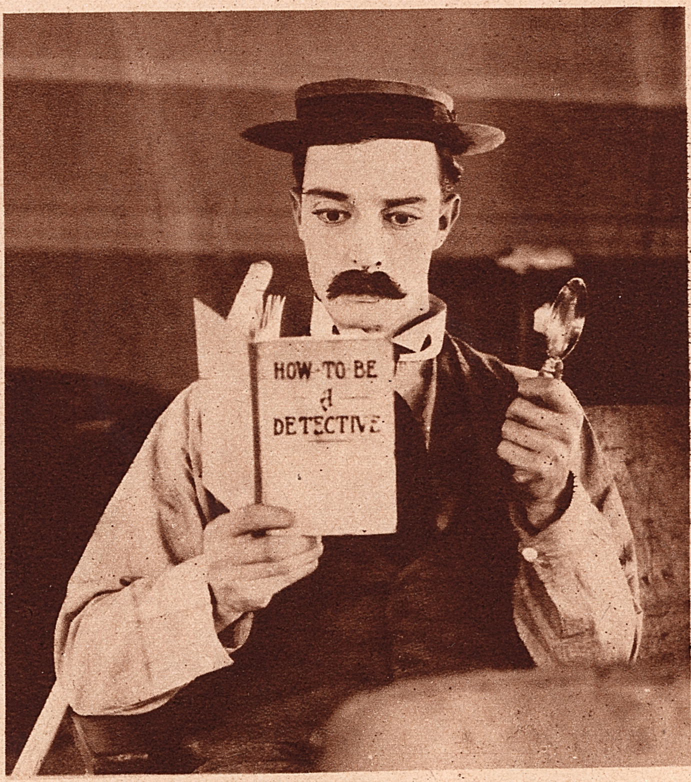
D. FORD—A real Ford right in this office! Pearl White lives in Paris now and just comes back to New York occasionally. Helen Holmes has been playing in pictures lately. Her latest is "Stormy Seas." Pola Negri is twenty-nine. You can write Alice Terry at the Metro office, 1540 Broadway, New York, and the letter will doubtless be forwarded.

MARY—No, indeed, nineteen is not too old for you to go on the stage. In fact, I shouldn't advise anyone to go on the stage much before that age.

BROWN-EYED ELSIE — So you're head over heels in love with Ben Lyon? Well, I've met him, and I can see how you could fall in love with him. He is twenty-four and is not married. Write him at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles—United Studios.

A BLONDE AND A BRUNETTE — In other words, Lloyd Hughes appeals to all kinds of girls. He is married to Gloria Hope and they live at 601 S. Rampart St., Los Angeles. He was born in Bisbee, Ariz., in 1899. He is six feet tall and weighs 155.

IMA WOLFF—And here I've been spending years trying to keep the wolf from my door. Ben Turpin lives at 5560 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Write to Norma and Constance Talmadge at 1540 Broadway, New York. No Richard Talmadge is not related to them. His real name is Metzetti.



Buster Keaton, in "Sherlock, Jr.," at home among his books.

VEE—See above. Lois Wilson, Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

GLADYS WHITE — Betty Compson can still be reached, I suppose, at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Mae Murray, Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Baby Peggy is five. Katherine MacDonald has left the screen.

SILLY SUSIE—Did your parents give you that first name, or your friends? As to why all the movie stars want to get married, probably it's because they have so much fun getting divorced. Of course this may not be the right answer. Wesley Barry's new picture is "George Washington, Jr."

AGNES—So you like Edmund Lowe? He is in his late twenties and is still unmarried.

ELEANOR — You're going to have a regular art gallery by the time you get all the pictures of the actresses you mention. Ben Alexander lives at 1770 N. Vine St., Hollywood. Write Clara Bow at 3800 Mission Road, Hollywood; Lenore Ulric and Marie Prevost, Warner Brothers' Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. Estelle Taylor lives at 2023 Cahuenga Ave., Los Angeles.

LIQUID EYES — That must make it easy for you to give people a melting look. Yes, indeed, Cullen Landis is still playing in pictures; his latest is "Magnolia." Yes, he is married and has two little daughters. He is about thirty. "The Fog" was released about six months ago.

STEFANIA — Write Richard Barthelmess at the Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., New York.

NINA—So you've thrown away your timidity in writing to me. Well, isn't that fine! What I want to know is, why am I such a scarey person that it takes courage to write me? Mary Pickford lives at Pickfair, Beverly Hills, Cal. George O'Hara's address is F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

SEDLY—How am I getting along? In years, thank you, in years! Yes, Mary Pickford's hair is naturally curly. It would have been some job to keep it in curl all these years. See NINA and GLADYS WHITE.

LAURA—Write Thomas Meighan at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. John Bowers lives at 141 S. Manhattan Place, Hollywood. Ivor Novello has returned to England.

AN IGNORANT HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMAN — Well, isn't that what you go to high school for—to get over that ignorant feeling? Harold Lloyd lives at 502 Irving Blvd., Los Angeles. No, Robert Agnew is not married. He lives at 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood. Mary Astor is not married; she is eighteen. Write her at the Hollywood Lasky Studio.

AGAINST CLEAN BOOKS BILL—Yes, actresses are usually quite good about sending out their photographs. Whether they can send them free or not depends on whether the companies pay for them, or how many such requests the stars get. Patsy Ruth Miller has played in innumerable pictures since she made "The Hunchback." Her latest is "The Breaking Point." She lives at 1822 N. Wilton Place, Hollywood. She is nineteen. Eileen Percy lives at 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles.

ANXIOUS—Yes, too bad Conway Tearle isn't so young as you thought—but do ages matter? Antonio Moreno is married to Daisy Danziger.

POCOHONTAS—So you think I'm a scream? Wouldn't it be funny if someone were to make a movie, "The Scream in the Night," and let me play the title role? Martha Mansfield was playing in "The Warrens of Virginia" at the time of her death. Mary Alden is in her thirties. Eva and Jane Novak were both born in St. Louis. Alice Terry is twenty-six. Katherine MacDonald is Mrs. Charles Schoenen Johnson.

MARGY—Leo Carrillo is now playing on the stage in "Gypsy Jim," at the 49th St. Theatre, New York.

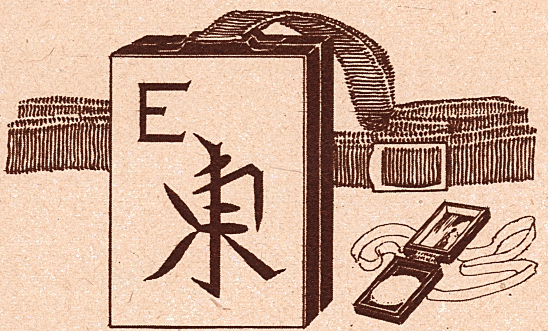
Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

Wear the striking Joy Lo Vanity around your neck on a smart black ribbon.

When your nose needs powdering, open the Vanity and apply the delicately scented powder with the tiny puff.

Joy Lo Vanities

Are All the Rage!



WHETHER or not you are Punging East Winds and Chowing Bamboos this season, you will want to wear one of these stunning **Joy Lo Vanities** that looks just like a Mah Jong tile on a black ribbon around your neck. Inside the tiny rectangle of beautiful ivory-like material, there is a dainty compact of delicately scented face powder, a fine, clear mirror and a diminutive puff. The **Joy Lo** is as convenient as it is novel and attractive. And it will bring you good luck whenever you wear it. It is the very **smartest accessory** you could wear with your newest frock or sport suit that, of course, echoes the straight, unbelted lines of a Mandarin's robe. Everyone will notice your **Joy Lo Vanity** and admire it. Be the first in your crowd to wear this lucky little Vanity. If you are planning a Mah Jong party or luncheon in the near future, you will want to order several to give as prizes or favors. Your friends will adore them. Send in your order TODAY!

SPECIAL

Take advantage of this special offer. The **Joy Lo Vanity** is the newest thing—the latest whim of fashion. And it is so useful too. At the amazingly low price of $1.89, you can easily purchase several for your friends as well as one for your very own. There is no additional charge for the trim black ribbon and attractive slide. Wear a **Joy Lo Vanity** to the dance this Saturday night. It will be the hit of the evening. We have only a limited supply of **Joy Lo Vanities** and everybody wants them. So order right away. Today.

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Mail the coupon now. You do not have to send a penny with your order. When the postman delivers your fascinating **Joy Lo,** just pay him $1.89 and a few cents postage. If you are not perfectly satisfied, you can return it within 3 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded. You take no risk. Send the coupon Today.

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Will you please send me a lucky **Joy Lo Vanity.** I will pay $1.89 and postage when it arrives. I understand that I can send it back within 3 days if I am not perfectly satisfied.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(*Continued from page 9*)

Deauville, August 10th.

TODAY we have spent in motoring about the country with Hébertot. They are among the most pleasant hours we have spent since we left American shores.

It has long been a part of my dreams, so variously described and to be, I suppose, so variously described again and again, to see the Normandy country. Tales of Normandy had, ever, an unaccountable fascination for me, seeing that there is, so far as I know, no Norman blood running in my veins . . . and yet how do I know? That very point is another theory I have often played with in my mind. People say to me, to one another: "What *is* an artist?" What is it that makes a man, or a woman, an artist? It is not birth and breeding, for frequently they spring, these artists, these geniuses, full grown from the barren breasts of poverty; from hovels for homes, from crudity and ugliness and want. It is not country, for the artist arises in darkest Africa and in subtle India. In England and in France. In Germany and in Italy. Everywhere. It isn't training, for many an artist works blindly with his hands and his knowledge, if divinely with his instinct. It isn't luxury; it isn't force of circumstance. It isn't even opportunity. Then what is it? Of what clay is the artist made? What is the spark that kindles him to a flame at which the world may warm its hands?

It may be that the artist is accidentally, oddly, compounded *of all bloods*. It may be that the artist, tracing back and ever back, would find within his veins a diffusion of all traditions; traditions of all lands, heritages of a commingled ancestry, so that he is not merely *one* man, an entity, an individual, with a few subdivisions of ancestry and a few traditions here and there, but the derived essence of all lands and all peoples, hearing the savage tom-tom of the African at the same time as his blood records the symphonies in Boston. He is world-wide, this artist, perhaps; he is the child of the ages and in him and through him the Ages speak, and all men understand.

A fancy. Or a fact. It is merely a random thought to be taken or left as the whim dictates.

But, as we motored with swift ease over the level roads of Normandy, viewing the quaint Norman cottages, catching glimpses of the Normandy peasants, the old sailor type of Normandy peasant, I felt very much akin to them, very near . . . and curiously responsive. I wanted to wave my hat in my hand, to shout out to them, "Why, how do you do there . . . here I am . . . back again . . . after . . . how long a while . . . no matter . . . here am I!"

I think I did wave my hat a trifle and Hébertot thought I had recognized someone I knew. I had, but he wouldn't have quite got my point of view without considerable explanation, and I wanted to drink in sensation, not expound an abstract theory.

The most interesting part in the ride, really, was an ancient Normandy farmhouse to which Hébertot took us. The lovely, traditional old place had belonged to his family, a very ancient Norman family it is, too, by the way, for generations upon generations, and in the old place he showed us the very bedroom in which William the Conqueror had slept before he went to England.

ON THE ride home, I took some pictures here and there along the way, of some of the old Norman types. It was most enjoyable. Natacha makes fun of my photography and told me when we started home in earnest, after I had proclaimed the fact that I had had my fill of photography for the day, that she didn't know *what* type of man would appear on my film, since I had doubtless taken three or four on the same negative.

I have, since, proudly proved her wrong . . . in some cases.

Natacha asked me tonight if I were worrying over my affairs at home, my film affairs, she meant. We both know that when we go back we are again to face the legal procedures. Of which we are both very tired and weary. But I told her, no, that I wasn't worried just now. Somehow the vastness of sea and air and change through which I have been have given me the different and fresher perspective I need if I am to go back and again take up the cudgels.

Life to me, back there, had become a pressing series of involvedness. But now that I have put the sea between me and my affairs; now that I have seen London with all of its ancient cares and griefs so beautifully outworn and lived down; now that I have seen France smiling with the old *insouciance* back of her bloody wounds . . . I feel differently. Things still matter. But *I* matter, too. I have got my hand on the reins and, as I tell Natacha, I know now, know again with fresh vigor and renewed ardor that I shall drive the steed of success to an ultimate Victory.

More of this tomorrow.

Deauville, August 11th.

MORE motoring today. Luncheon at a charming little inn overlooking the sea. Wine of the country. Normandy women serving us. Smell of milk and butter and fresh eggs and mounds of sweetly smelling bread. Comfort. Rest. Tranquillity. Contentment. A Normandy peasant . . . with the luscious country rolling back of him and the smitten sea sprawling at his feet . . . what more could the heart of a man desire? Why travel farther to find Nirvana?

Would You Like to be One of Our Editors?

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

You know, it used to be said that a woman always read the last part of a book first.

When you read Movie Weekly, do you ever stop and think which page you first turn to and which page, after all, you have enjoyed the most?

Movie Weekly wants its readers to write and tell just what stories or articles they liked best in the most recent issue, and why; just what stories or articles they liked least, and why; and just how Movie Weekly can be improved so that its thousands of friends all over the world who read Movie Weekly will enjoy it more.

For the best letter on this subject we will give a prize of $10.00 each week.

For the second best letter, a prize of $5.00 each week.

And for the third best letter, a prize of $3.00 each week.

Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPT., Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

Tonight, the Casino again.

Normandy shall not mean the Casino to me; no, nor the *Grand Prix*, which is supposed to be such an event of events. Normandy shall mean the countryside, the atmosphere of those who have gone before, the fragrant simplicity, a fine-breathing of old standards . . . this is Normandy . . .

Tonight, the night of the *Grand Prix* at the Casino, is supposed to be the most interesting of all the scheduled events. There may be some sense of appreciation lacking in me, but it wasn't any more interesting to me than any of the other nights, and I feel that I am really fairly easy to amuse. Fairly easy to interest and capture.

Some friends of ours from Paris, the owner of the Swedish ballet and a motion picture director, joined us and with this and that we managed to stay up until two or three in the morning.

Oh, I forgot to say that on our motoring trip this morning we visited an ancient monastery in the pure Gothic style. It is now a farmhouse, as so many of the ancient missions and so forth are. Before being a monastery it was a castle and now in its reduced state (or isn't it a reduced state after all?) the huge, sunken guardroom or Salle des Gardes, is used as a sheep-run during the night. Thus does Time transform all things and all places with ghostly, mocking finger tips, and the alchemy of traditional touch. The archways are still standing, and a little way from there are the ruins of the ancient mortuary chapel, where the mother of William the Conqueror is purported to be buried. We were told a legend to the effect that this lady retired into a convent at some time during her later maturity and was there interred.

Tomorrow we start back to Paris. And I shall be partly sorry—partly very glad. It is not the Casino and all of the so-called gaieties there that I shall regret leaving, but the sea that did not, this time, receive my eager form, the delicious wine of the country, the omelettes they serve, that are a specialty of the country, the bread hot from the "*fourneau*," and the smiling Normandy faces, made real to me after so many years of reading and dreaming of them.

Paris, August 14th.

WE HAVE gone to very few theatres here. And as for the well-known and much-advertised "night life of Paris," we have seen little or nothing.

Before I left America, many of my younger friends tapped me on the shoulder, cocked wicked, knowing eyes and said, "Ah, Rudy, wait until you get to Paris . . . such sights! . . . such girls! . . . la, la!"

Well, but the beautiful French women one sees in the pages of "La Parisienne" do not exist. They simply do not exist in the actualities of flesh and blood. That is all. They are myths. Floating fancies. Make-believe houris from the brain of a simpler Baudelaire.

And the chorus girls of Paris come under the same heading, in my estimation.

We went to the *Folies Bergeres*, for instance, and it was utterly putrid. The production, the chorus girls I have mentioned, the whole ensemble, was fearfully disappointing. The French chorus girls cannot begin to compete with the American chorus girls. They are simply not in the same class after all. The costumes at the *Folies* are gorgeous . . . but, after all, who cares to fasten his eyes and rivet one's attention upon a costume if the girl within the costume is not worthy the eye-strain. And they were *not* worth it at the *Folies*.

Then, too, the stages are tiny. Nothing, *nothing* in the French theatre, from the girls up (or down, as you may care to put it), is done on the luxurious plan that it is in America. Of course, I may have been a poor one to judge, coming as I did fresh from the theatre life of New York, with its munificence, its display, its luxuriance, its vast expenditure of time, money, space and beauty. My last impression, when I was in Europe ten years ago, my last impression of the European stage was marvelous. But that was before I had been in America. After one has seen how things are done in America, anything else would appear poor and inadequate by contrast.

Most of the girls, for instance, are fat. That surprised me and I think it would surprise a great many persons who, like myself, doubtless, imagine the French *Folies* girls as slim and sprightly sylphs, with flower-like limbs and porcelain throats. I *was* surprised. These girls were fat—and half naked.

NAKEDNESS, nudity, is the most beautiful thing in the world—when it *is* beautiful. But when you see rolls of fat . . . ugly lines . . . then you see a parody of exquisiteness. You cannot deify ugliness because it has a counterpart of beauty. It is like cartooning a beautiful painting, etching, print. You may sigh and marvel over the print, and you may recognize that the cartoon comes from the print, but, alas, you can only laugh at the cartoon.

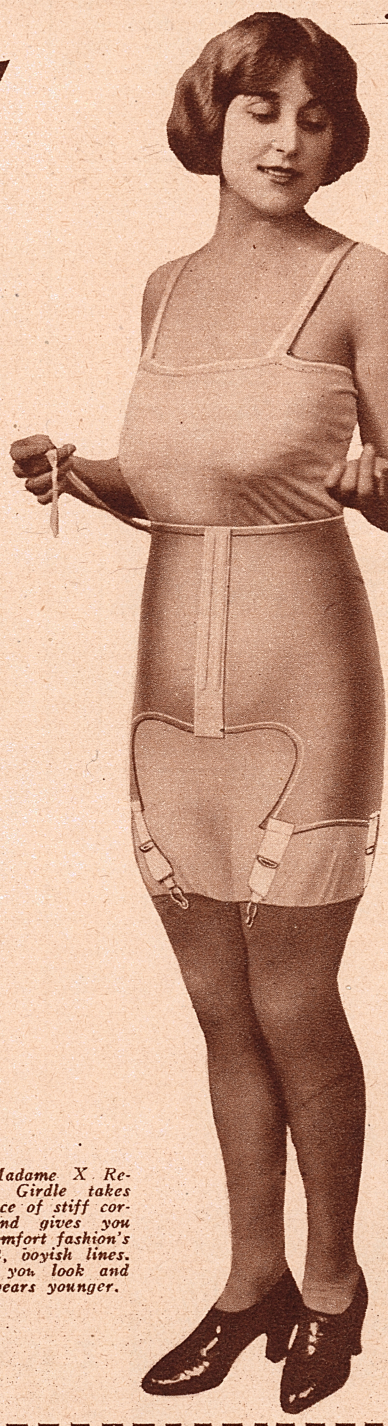
I think, perhaps I should say more humbly that I *hope* that I see beauty when and where beauty is to be found. And certainly I know that where and when I find beauty I worship it. Whether it be the beauty of woman, the beauty of nature, or beauty of mind and soul. But I am not a sentimentalist. Just because a sunset is a sunset, I do not always find it beautiful. I do not always go into raptures and rhapsodies over it. Just because a poem is a poem or a song a song, I do not

(*Continued on page 26*)

New Youth-Giving Girdle Reduces Waist and Hips

—Almost While You Wait!

The Instant You Put On This New Girdle—Worn In Place of Stiff Corsets—the Bulky Fat on Waist and Hips Seems to Vanish, the Waistline Lengthens, and Your Body Becomes Erect, Graceful, Youthfully Slender! And Then—With Every Step, With Every Breath, With Every Little Motion, It Gently Massages Away the Useless Disfiguring Fat—And You Look and Feel Many Years Younger!



The Madame X Reaucing Girdle is light, flexible, resilient and durable. Can be worn all day in place of a stiff corset. Made of 100% Pure Para rubber—cured by *steam*—not by acid as ordinary rubber is. Has regular lacings so is easily adjusted as you become more slender. The Madame X Reducing Girdle is adaptable to all figures — for all occasions. A wonderful sport girdle. Read special offer below.

The Madame X Reducing Girdle takes the place of stiff corsets and gives you with comfort fashion's straight, boyish lines. Makes you look and feel years younger.

Lose Weight Every Day—and Look Thin While Doing It!

NOW women can have the, youthful boyish-looking figure that present day fashions call for. You can now wear all the stylish, becoming clothes your heart desires without worrying about a clumsy waistline and bulging hips. For there has now been perfected a new kind of girdle that not only instantly represses all offensive, disfiguring, useless fat, making your figure appear wonderfully slender, youthful and attractive—but which actually massages away the fat, enabling you to lose weight every day, *without any effort at all on your part!*

And you need not make a single change in your present mode of living to secure these amazing results. No heart-straining exercises; no starving diets, no harmful medicines; no bitter self denials which result in nothing but a drawn, haggard expression and an irritable disposition. For with this new invention, known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle, all the usual tortures of reducing are done away with forever.

No matter how many other reducing methods you have tried without results; no matter how heavy your waist or hips may be—the Madame X Reducing Girdle is guaranteed to take off the excss fat—and make you look inches thinner while doing so or it won't cost you a cent. This marvelous new invention produces the same results as an expert masseur—yet it does it so gently you hardly feel it.

Who Else Wants A Youthful-Looking Figure—Instantly?

As the Madame X Reducing Girdle absolutely will not "ride up," it gives a much evener slenderness to your figure than regular corsets—minus all the agony and torture. Old-fashioned stiff corsets concealed fat in one place only to have it bulge and sag out in another. But the Madame X Reducing Girdle not only draws in your waist and makes you appear more slim; it gently *takes off the fat.*

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 15, even 25 pounds. It is worn over the undergarment and fits as snugly as a kid glove. Special single stay in front supports abdomen and prevents it from bulging—yet the stay is limp in just the right place to be comfortable in any position, sitting or standing. Gives absolute smoothness of line. The patented open front insures perfect comfort while you sit, work or play and the special lacing makes girdle easy to adjust as you become more slender.

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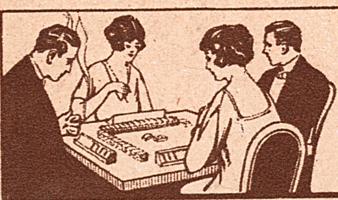

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What Our Readers Think of Us

(*Continued from page 19*)

bigger and better magazine. JACK DATTELS.

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This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

Your entire issue of February 16th is so very good that it is difficult to select a "best" article. However, I was especially interested in "The Business of Being Funny," by Alma M. Talley, because there is nothing more refreshing than a really funny film—and none so hard to find, but Harold Lloyd never disappoints.

T. Howard Kelly's article on the perplexing divorce problem seems to me the best thing he has ever done. Usually he indulges in a lot of idle speculation that tells nothing and gets nowhere.

Your film criticisms are excellent and the tabloid reviews very helpful. Your interviews are generally good; your policy of fairness to everyone is an example worthy of emulation by all of us; your answer man is the most prompt and courteous one in the business.

I most emphatically do not like the "Confessions" you are printing. I cannot believe these stories are actually true. If they are, what a delight they must be to enemies of the motion pictures! But to those who desire to think well of picture people they are discouraging, nauseating, tragic. It is doubtful if they will act as a deterrent on any movie-struck girls, for it is human nature to think "That would never happen to me—I'm different." What good does it do to print on one page an indignant denial of immorality in the studios, if on another page you publish these lurid tales of loose living among weak-minded girls, brazen women and beastly men and protect these "loose-livers" by anonymity?

I would like to see much of the space devoted to Rudolph Valentino turned over to other players who may be in greater need of boosting. Granting Rudolph's amazing popularity there really are people who do not worship him or crave to know the most intimate details of his life.

The star-editor idea does not appeal to me. Give us more articles by James Craig Gordon. I would rather read one page by him than all the rest of the book. He has sympathy and understanding, depth as well as breadth of mind. He is by far your ablest writer.

ELIZABETH KAPITZ.

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Honorable Mention

I am a lonely officer of a ten thousand ton tramp steamer, and the only pleasure I derive is from reading books and magazines. I prize your magazine very highly inasmuch as it has afforded me many pleasant hours.

You may be interested to know that my interest in your magazine is due to the fact that your feature articles deal with real people in a human way. The articles are not exaggerated and are very well written. The writers always seem to give us an interesting account of the great personalities of the screen. Besides being entertaining, I have found many of your articles to be very informative and highly instructive.

In your last issue of February 23rd, I especially liked Rudolph Valentino's "Own Story of His Trip Abroad." He tells, in his remarkable way, the experiences that I myself have had while sailing the open seas. I wish to congratulate Movie Weekly on getting a man of Mr. Valentino's stamp to tell of his trip abroad. I am certain that your readers the world over appreciate your publishing such a highly interesting trip as that of Rudolph Valentino.

I found your article on "Why Screen Fame Is So Fleeting," by Regina Cannon, to be very instructive. It was well written and brought home very well what the famous actress, Alice Brady, thinks of this matter. I personally think that if we had more articles of this nature, there would be less girls getting preconceived ideas of becoming movie queens, because if the truth were presented, some of the halo of the game would be lost.

I enjoyed your other articles very much, especially the article by P. L. Atkinson on "The Movies of the Millenium." He presents his theme in a quaint and whimsical way, which caused me a great deal of mirth.

Before closing I wish to inform you that I like your full page portraits very much as I find them very fine for placing in my collection.

Hoping that you will continue your present policy, I am,

Sincerely yours,
LEON W. KAIL.

How I Cope With "Artistic Temperament"

(*Continued from page 7*)

We're sure Mr. Olcott succeeds in anything he undertakes. You just feel that he knows his business. He radiates confidence and dispels fear, that bug-bear of the newcomer to the screen.

Famous-Players could have gotten any director they wanted to put on "Monsieur Beaucaire," Valentino's new vehicle, and from the hundreds of directors at their disposal, they chose Sidney Olcott. Need we say more for the man's ability?

We asked him how he felt about doing the Valentino picture.

"I appreciate the confidence that has been placed in me," was what he said. "I am not nervous about doing the picture, but very intent upon its success. Mr. Valentino is a fine actor and there is to be a splendid supporting cast. We should do something worth while. I hope so."

We might have said, "We know you will," but it would have sounded so darn slushy, we're writing it instead.

CHIT CHAT
About the Stars

Maurice Flynn and Louis Wolheim, while down in the Bahamas on location for "The Uninvited Guest," noticed one of the members of the company reading a letter.

"From my son," he explained, waving it before them.

"Rather short, isn't it?" suggested Flynn, glancing at it.

"Yes," said the father, dryly, "he is, too. That's why he wrote."

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Carmel Myers, now playing in "Ben Hur," was dining recently at a popular cafe with Helene Chadwick. The orchestra was blaring out a current "blues."

"They say jazz is dying," remarked Helene, glancing toward the musicians.

"Well," said Carmel, "it certainly sounds that way."

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The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

(*Continued from pag 18*)

"All right," she said. "I won't bother you about that. But I—I want you to know why I've been trying to get in that company. I thought you'd have guessed by this time, but you don't seem to have understood. Don't you know that I—I love you?"

"You're not serious?" I said.

Something like a little sob broke from her. Then, as if with the last abandonment to her secret, she moved quickly next to me and buried her head upon my shoulder.

I had been living a methodical life of routine since the day I had landed my job. No woman ever entered my thoughts except Laura Carlsen, but now, with Kay's softness, her youth and loveliness, following her unguarded confession, I pressed my lips on hers and kissed her again and again.

It was late that night when I left her, and when I did, I left Lottie Spence's letter to Sigsmund Maurer's son in her hands!

Will Hal Kent's incapability of resisting the tempting lips of love eventually prove his downfall? What will be the outcome? Follow this gripping story in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page 13*)

pleased and the heart warmed by some truly remarkable underwater pictures of flora and fauna in their native haunts. Then there is an underwater shot of a man's struggle with a huge octopus which, in its way, is as remarkable as anything that has ever been photographed.

For the rest, we have a jumbled and utterly impossible account of a bride who elopes on her wedding eve with another; a gentleman who becomes a sponge fisherman; a shipwreck; an imposture, and a mystery plot. The arm of coincidence is very long and very thin; the acting certainly no more than ordinary.

The story contained what might have been an interesting plot—but to entrust it to the director of "The Uninvited Guest" was like giving Little Agatha the new radio set to cut her front teeth on.

Jean Tolley, the leading lady, is hopelessly self-conscious and meaningless.

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"MY FRIEND"

A Lloyd Hamilton Comedy

Lloyd Hamilton is an excellent example of a flaring sky-rocket which failed to get past the tree-tops. When he first appeared on the cinema horizon he appeared to be distinctly of the big-league order of comedian. But since that time his star has steadily dwindled. "My Friend" is an excellent example of what has happened. The producers failed to realize that they had under contract an honest-to-goodness "funny man" and proceeded to supply him with a scenario, direction, cast and sets of the oldest and feeblest slapstick order. "My friend" hasn't the vestige of either plot, sense or humor. Its fun is so broad it has thinned into nothingness. But even so, Hamilton does succeed in being occasionally amusing. We can fabricate no greater tribute to his charms!

Should a Girl Be Chaperoned in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 6*)

"Broadway After Dark," those same men are just as considerate and thoughtful and impersonal as ever.

But, of course, the studio is only half of Hollywood—there is the social side as well to be considered—and girls who are entering upon a screen career will find themselves besieged with invitations to parties and dances and things.

Should girls be chaperoned at these affairs? It all depends upon the girls themselves!

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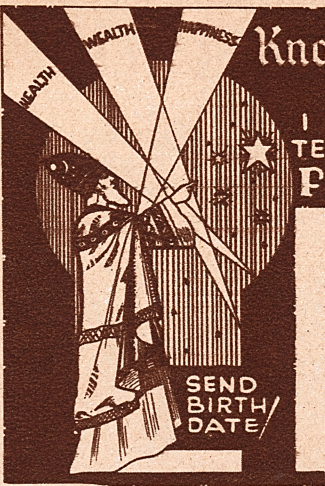

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My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(Continued from page 22)

constantly fold my hands over my breast and sigh, "How marvelous!" And just because a woman is a woman, I do not acclaim her with beating heart as a masterpiece from God, a divine acolyte of Venus, a lotus of love. When a woman is beautiful, she is a miracle. When she is not beautiful—she is a woman. And her lack is her misfortune. I pity and respect her, but I do not sing Hosannas to her surpassing charm. Truth has beauty, too, it seems to me. Truth of seeing. Truth of hearing. Truth of thought.

Well, we went to the *Folies Bergere* and we went to Montmartre. I have recorded my impressions of the *Folies* and my impression of Montmartre was—tourists. And tourists of the most virulent variety. I suppose, poor, well-meaning souls, that they were trying to get their fill of Paris; they wanted to go back home to Oskaloosa, to Kankakee, or wherever they came from, and tell the little neighbors "next door" that they had "seen life." The night life of Paris. The way to do it, they figured, was to go to Montmartre, about which they had read so many naughty, naughty stories in so many naughty, naughty magazines. I wonder if, under their masks of fun and frolic, they were as secretly disappointed as we were. And didn't like to show it. Didn't think, perhaps, that it would be quite "the thing to do."

They were the Cook tourist type. And they were all disgustingly drunk. Which, probably, they also felt necessary to their environment and their trip of sight-seeing. If in Montmartre, why not be drunk? Surely, they might have argued, that would be THE thing of things to do!

They were shouting noisily all over the place and were generally objectionable. There were none of the nice Americans there, nor did we see any of the nice French people. Buyers, Traveling salesmen. And so forth. We swore we would not go back to Montmartre again. And we didn't. And we won't.

We went to Ciro's, but it was dead.

Ciro's is *the* place where the nicest people go, when they are in town. It is the rendezvous of the elite. But on account of its being late summer, almost no one is in Paris and the place resembled a sprawled and wilted flower waiting for gay, familiar hands to pick it up again and revive it.

BETWEEN there being no nice people and so many of the other kind in Paris, we haven't done much going about at night. What I have recorded in my diary is a faithful transcription of the night life I have seen in Paris, and as our stay is drawing to a close, I shall probably see little more of it. No doubt it will be a disappointment to some of my young friends at home who have said to me that if I cannot "find out Paris," then who can?

I wonder if I have failed . . . or have I just grown up and out of some things, some things that might have given me a momentary thrill ten years ago, but that thrill me no longer. It is much as we outgrow cheap and tawdry toys when we leave first, indiscriminating childhood. We come to know the trashy gew-gaws as just so much bad wood and poor paint and discard them for finer, more carefully planned and calculated things. I like to think that I have merely "suffered" a development of good taste.

And besides, we had many errands to attend to, of one kind or another, some of them boring enough to do and too boring to bother writing them all down.

I don't especially care to remember errands. Errands are the little pin-pricks of the days we live. The petty annoyances that mar the perfect whole.

Mrs. Valentino had things to do at Poiret. I spent considerable time with the Voisin people and now, tomorrow, the last of our Paris visit will be at an end.

One very charming thing happened to me this morning. One of the very many charming things Hébertot has done for me since I have been in Paris. I admired tremendously a marvelous Dauberman-Pincher dog of his and this morning he sent his chauffeur to me with another dog of the same species, an equally beautiful specimen. He came in person a little later and asked me how I liked him. I told him I was quite mad about the animal and would like to buy him. Hébertot told me that I must accept him "as a present, a souvenir," and now I am the proud possessor of Kabar. Natacha and I named him after considerable eager discussion. You might have thought that it was the christening of a child, so particular we were about the suitability of the name to the beast. Another member of our family to travel with us!

And tomorrow we start on our journey. We have planned to make Avignon our first stop en route to Nice and Natacha's parents.

We leave Paris. We leave by road who did arrive by air! I left London with a sort of sombre joy of regret, if that is quite clear. A heavy melancholy shot with a heavy joy that I had walked the London pavements and breathed the London air. I shall leave Paris jauntily, with a smile and a wave, even as, jauntily and happily, Paris saluted me upon my arrival. Even as she has made my visit memorable with gracious gifts and charming acts of courtesy and hospitality and interest and welcome. I shall leave her with an even greater admiration than was mine when I arrived. Paris ten years ago was a city of lightsomeness and beauty. But then she had every right to be wearing flowers in her hair and bangles on her limbs. Today, now, she still wears flowers in her hair, though they have been plucked by undaunted hands from thousands and thousands of graves. She still wears bangles on her limbs, though they have walked to the Funeral Dirge. She is not only as beautiful as she is brave, but she is as brave as she is beautiful—and that is saying a great deal.

One can pick flaws here and there with everything. With everyone, if it comes to that. Perfection has not yet shown her shining, miraculous face to any man in any form, or place, or thing. But, after all is said and done, it is the spirit back of a person, a city, a book, a song, that immortalizes it and leaves its essence with you. The spirit of Paris is young and triumphant over heartbreak and despair.

Vive la France! Vive la France!

And tomorrow we turn our faces to the South!

Follow the Valentinos into the warm Southland. Next week's issue of Movie Weekly will contain the continuation of this fascinating personal narrative, written by Rudy himself.

The Trail I Struck to Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 15)

not"—his voice, always before so strong and certain, broke—"will not do any more to her," he finished.

"There is only one thing I would like to know, Mr. Barrow," I said, feeling in that moment that he loved her, "and that is why Helene Faverish paid the natives to abduct Jimmy and me. Will you tell me?"

His answer was slow in coming, and when he began to talk, Mr. Barrow did not answer my question directly. Instead, he seemed to be leading up to an explanation only.

"I MUST tell you, Margery, that Helene did more than pay natives to steal you and Jimmy away. She even paid them to stage that scene down on the shore the night Jimmy and Rodney fought Bambe-bo and his companions for insulting you and Miss Faverish. That was all a put-up job to make the abduction look genuine—as if it was a pact of revenge on the part of the natives."

I told him of my surprise to learn these things, but that, after all, they did not matter in comparison to my desire to know why she had taken such steps against me.

"I have never done anything to her," I said. "Won't you tell me why she conspired against me, Mr. Barrow?" I demanded.

An expression of pain overshadowed his handsome face in the silent moments that followed my direct request. When his lips finally moved in speech I could hardly catch the words, his voice was so low.

"I am very sorry, Margery. I—I can't tell you that," he said, looking away from me for once in his life as he spoke.

John Barrow's refusal to answer my question hurt my feelings more than I can describe. Somehow I had hoped and hoped that he would see fit to give me his confidence in everything pertaining to Helene Faverish's attempt against me, especially after I told him I did not want to see her punished. Evidently he was trying to shield her further now. This time, on account of her pride, because her action must have been taken on account of jealousy of some kind.

"She told me why . . . but begged me in confidence not to tell you," was the only explanation he vouchsafed. I did not have the desire to talk about the matter after I saw that he was not going to tell me any more than he had already offered to tell.

"As soon as she is ready, Miss Faverish is going aboard the steamer which sails day after tomorrow for the States. Her life will not be worth very much here. The wife of Bambe-bo risked capture and everything else in her efforts to try and knife Helene . . . and some of the others might try it again. Jimmy Mulligan and you are none too safe here, either. So, as soon as you are stronger, we will take the steamer I have chartered and start for the M——— group of islands, where we will start work immediately on the production."

"I will be glad to get away and go to work, Mr. Barrow," I answered. "Are you still as interested in making this picture as you were when you came out here?" I asked.

"More than ever," was his quick reply. "What makes you think I may have lost interest?" he queried, knitting his brows.

"Oh, nothing, really," I answered. "It just occurred to me that perhaps all of this trouble had taken your mind off the picture."

"Not by a long shot," he replied, getting up from the chair at the appearance of my mother in the door.

"How do you think Margery is coming along?" asked mother, anxiously.

"I think she will be fit and fine enough to let us get started in a very few days, now, for work," Mr. Barrow told her. Then he said good-bye and went away, leaving the room empty-looking because of his departure.

I WAS standing at the bow of our steamer, which was a tiny thing compared to the great liner that had brought us over from San Francisco, when we left the little island behind that had brought such strange adventure, such near tragedy and trouble into our lives. Jimmy Mulligan, lying back in a steamer chair and taking

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B———, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile——." "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B———, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B——— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose——. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B———'s maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B——— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change, perhaps, had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B——— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

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4	15	12	12
6	18	5	5

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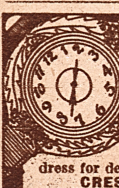

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life easy on account of the wound in his back from a native knife, raised up and waved a mocking farewell to the tiny harbor as we passed out to sea.

"Ye gods! The fellows back on the New York police force lead the life of a walled-in monk compared to the stuff we've been through out here. And they think a few bandits, highwaymen and shooting scrapes along Broadway are something to get excited over! Ha!—I have to laugh!"

I could not join in Jimmy's laugh, or his apparent good-natured acceptance of everything that had taken place. The truth is, a kind of gloom had settled over me ever since Mr. Barrow's refusal to tell the reason why Helene Faverish had acted against me. I suppose this was mainly because I had to force myself to the bitter realization that the dream of my heart was never to be. John Barrow loved Helene and that was all there was to it. Knowing that no other man could appeal to me as he did, it was little wonder that my spirits were low in spite of the fact that we were on the way to do a picture which would soon aid me materially in my efforts to gain movie fame.

"Gee, whiz, Marge, you've been down in the depths for hours. Come on, give us a smile. The war's over," said Jimmy.

I tried to make him believe he was wrong in this idea, but Jimmy was a very wise young man and he didn't fall for my attempts along these lines.

Mr. Barrow went over the picture's scenes that were to be filmed next, with Rodney and myself, and further explained his ideas of how the story ought to be carried out. But beyond these semi-business talks I saw very little of him for the first two days on the ocean. To my way of thinking, he was keeping himself very much aloof from everyone, and he acted like a man who was constantly overshadowed by something he could not get off his mind.

It was on the third night out that I noticed Mr. Barrow in long and earnest conversation with Jimmy Mulligan. A temptation to overhear, or find out what they were talking about, came over me, as they sat there for more than an hour. I had been watching them out of the corner of my eye, as Rodney and I sat at the stern in comfortable wicker chairs, talking about the picture.

Excusing myself to Rodney, I went to my cabin for a while. I peeped through mother's door and saw that she was asleep. Realizing I would not be disturbed by her, I prepared to wait a few minutes before going on deck again. I did not want the young actor to discover that I had left him for a purpose.

MAKING my way around the boat on the opposite side of the deck from where Jimmy and Mr. Barrow were talking, I found a way to climb up on the top of the cabin where the life boats were kept. The motion of the ship gave me terrible scares, for several times I thought I would lose my hold on the railing of the narrow little ladder. At last, however, I was in earshot of their voices.

Mr. Barrow was talking to Jimmy; the sound of the running sea and the creaking of the ship at intervals, kept me from hearing every word plainly, but I quickly realized that they were talking about me.

"I am sure you can see my position now in regard to Margery's request that I tell her the real reasons behind all of this. She certainly is entitled to a full explanation of all particulars. But under these circumstances I just couldn't tell her," said Mr. Barrow.

"Of course not," answered Jimmy.

A silence fell between them for a few moments. I figured out, as I waited to hear more, that Mr. Barrow must have told Jimmy what he had refused to tell me.

"Women are funny folks, aren't they, Mr. Barrow?" Jimmy asked, breaking the silence. "When it comes to love, especially . . . I never tried to understand but one of them . . . and, when I found out the truth, I quit trying with her."

"They are hard to understand most of the time," agreed John Barrow in a serious tone. "Who was the particular woman you tried to understand, Jimmy?" he asked.

"Margery," was the immediate answer.

"Most of all we can never understand the women we love—and those who love us," stated Mr. Barrow. "Why did you stop trying to fathom her?"

"Because she doesn't love me. What's the use

when they tell you there's no chance? But even that doesn't keep a fellow from loving a girl."

I felt that I hated myself in that moment for having overheard Jimmy's confession of his love for me. I felt so miserable I just wanted to curl up and die on the spot.

"Guess you come nearer understanding Miss Faverish than anybody else does. That's why you were so decent to her under these circumstances. Of course, as long as Margery didn't want to punish her, I certainly didn't. But, there you were, willing to turn her over to the law if we wanted you to . . . and, you being in love with her——"

"Jimmy!" Mr. Barrow's voice was sharp and commanding.

"Yes, sir!"

"How do you know . . . what makes you think I am in love with Miss Faverish?" he demanded.

"You saved her from all this trouble, didn't you? Ever since she's been found out, you have been acting differently. You seem knocked out by it all. Everybody thinks the same thing," he answered.

"Does Margery think so, too?" was the producer's surprising question.

"Sure—she must. It's only natural. You didn't think it was a secret did you, Mr. Barrow? And it is true, isn't it?"

My heart was in my mouth as I leaned nearer to catch Mr. Barrow's answer. Even as I waited, with my pulses pounding and my heart thumping madly, I felt as if I would scream aloud at the answer, no matter what it turned out to be.

Has poor Margey been wrong? Does John Barrow's heart beat for her or for another? Follow this smashing story in next week's Movie Weekly.

By Divine Right

(Continued from page 17)

Mildred, for it was the brief epitaph of the man she loved.

Her week-end, hence, was spent alone, grief-stricken in her room, brooding over the ashes of the past. How strange it was, she never ceased to marvel, that she could have loved Farrol so desperately when she had known him so short a time. It was too incredible for her to understand.

A week later, however, upon Mrs. Trent's earnest solicitation, Mildred consented to come again to the beautiful home where her newfound friend lived. Trent, she had been told, was out of town, so the day might be spent by the two women alone.

Mrs. Trent greeted her with moist eyes.

"I'm so glad to see you, dear," she said, kissing her. "Im expecting Mr. Trent's new secretary to call on a matter of business. Then we can go for a ride."

Sinking happily into a chair, Mildred told Mrs. Trent of Farrol's death. It was a relief to her to unburden herself to one who, she felt, sympathized sincerely. The hand of the older woman went out as Mildred talked, and rested upon hers It comforted the forlorn girl.

The front door bell rang and Mrs. Trent rose.

"I think it's Mr. Trent's secretary," she said. "You know, the new one is a man and he is just in the act of getting acquainted with his position.

Mildred nodded absently and returned to her dejected abstraction of Farrol and her brief but ecstatic happiness in their acquaintance. Mrs. Trent moved toward the open doorway, where, in the hall without, a stranger was being admitted by one of Mrs. Trent's maids. A moment later the secretary appeared and a deep voice inquired pleasantly, "Mrs. Trent?"

At the sound of the voice Mildred, bewildered, looked up at the man who was greeting the lady of the house. As she beheld him, she felt her heart leap into her mouth.

Without his beard and immaculate in new clothing stood Farrol—the man she loved!

What did Mildred do when she discovered the identity of Farrol—escaped fugitive from justice? Did she reveal her knowledge of the man in an outburst of emotion? Read the next gripping instalment of this fascinating story in next week's Movie Weekly.

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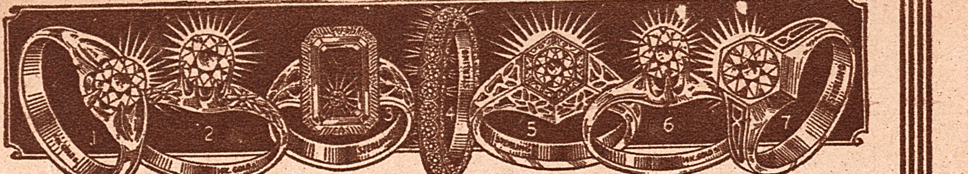

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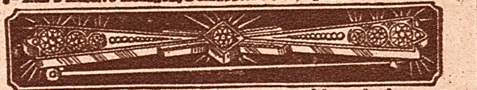

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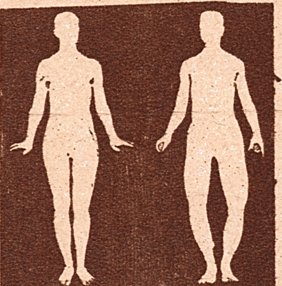

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CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

Mae Murray, during the filming of her new picture, "Mademoiselle Midnight," found time to attend a dinner party given in her honor. Toward the end of the evening, apropos of one of the speeches which had just been made, Miss Murray rose with a good-humored retort.

"That reminds me," she began, "of the time Si said to Hi, 'Yep, I hed a beard like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look, I cut it off, b'gosh.'"

"'Wal,' replied Hi, 'I had a face like yours once, and when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard, by heck!'"

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Lew Cody is right there sometimes when it comes to the "wise-cracks." He and Barbara La Marr, with Mae Busch and George Seigmann, were standing on the set of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," discussing men and women and the world in general.

A young man who overheard the conversation interrupted them.

"I loved a girl once," he declared, "and she made a fool of me."

"Isn't it funny," Mr. Cody came back at him, "what a lasting impression some girls make?"

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Did you know that Frank Keenan is the father-in-law of Ed Wyn, the famous stage comedian? Mr. Keenan is just as proud of his son-in-law's success as if he didn't have financial interest in his shows. Incidentally, speaking of finances, Mr. Keenan is a millionaire. Several years ago he threatened to retire, but found that he simply couldn't sit back and enjoy his millions; he wasn't happy except when he was working. He has recently finished "Cope Cod Folks," a new Reginald Barker picture.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Ronald Coleman, the leading man in Lillian Gish's "White Sister," tells a good one about a friend of his who has made much money in the past—and spent it. Coleman, upon arrival in this country, noticed his friend waiting for him at the pier with a very gloomy countenance, and promptly asked the reason.

"Well, old man," said the actor, "are you saving your money for a rainy day?"

"I'm not!" the friend declared emphatically. "So far as I'm concerned, it's raining now."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Ralph and Vera Lewis wanted to do something original in the way of a party, so they gave a superstition party in which all the favorite hoodoos were flouted. The guests walked under ladders, lit three cigarettes on a match, looked at the moon over their left shoulders and sat thirteen at a table.

A good time was had by all, as Cleopatra or someone once remarked, but nevertheless some of the guests are secretly waiting to fall down and break their collar bones or something unfortunate like that.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Ralph Lewis' dressing room looks like a real version of Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop." Anyone who went in and took a look would think Mr. Lewis was a dealer in antiques. Ralph still uses the same big trunk that held his wardrobe more than twenty years ago, when he was a budding stage juvenile.

In the dressing room, Mr. Lewis has on display his pair of shoes and the wig which he wore as Mr. Stoneman in "The Birth of a Nation," and which he has kept as a talisman ever since. Then nearby hangs his "Macbeth" costume, and the suit of armor which he wore in "Ivanhoe." A relic of "The Conquering Power" is the dilapidated old coat and shirt which he wore as the miser. Among other treasures are the judge's robe from "The Outcast," and a war club presented by a tribe of East Indians.

If anyone gets in and robs Mr. Lewis' dressing room, it won't be his jewels they're after. It will be a "prop" man trying to steal some "props."

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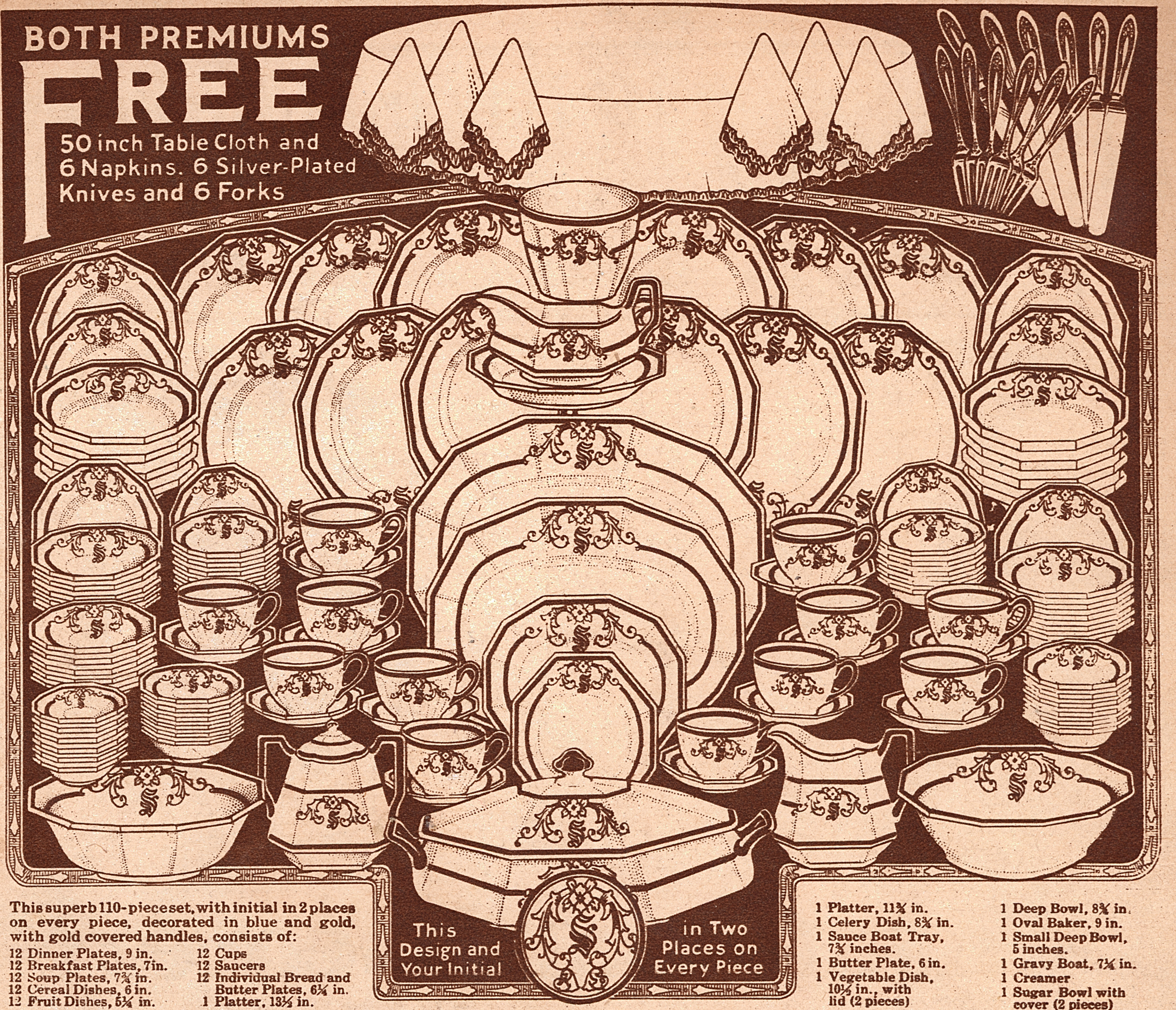

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- 12 Saucers
- 12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6¼ in.
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- 1 Platter, 11¾ in.
- 1 Celery Dish, 8¾ in.
- 1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7⅞ inches.
- 1 Butter Plate, 6 in.
- 1 Vegetable Dish, 10½ in., with lid (2 pieces)
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